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FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 3d, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

ATTORNEY-GENERAL EVARTS, whom the *Tribune* endorsed as a fit subject of confirmation by a Senate capable of acquitting Andrew Johnson, is rapidly accomplishing the work given him to do. He was selected as the man above all others capable of making respectable a work of infamy, and how well he is answering expectation will be seen by the quality of his official work. He has just given an opinion to the effect that when a man resigns an office to take effect on the first of July, that resignation must be held to mean to take effect on the day it was tendered. Or, in other words, if a man declares he is ready to go out of office one year hence, that declaration shall be interpreted to mean that he is ready to go out of office immediately. Such logic may be good Presidential Law, and answer the purpose of keeping Mr. Evarts in Mr. Johnson's cabinet a month or two longer, but it is too contemptible to cheat even E. B. Washburne and other leaden-headed members of the XLth Congress.

It seems Mr. Johnson has long been desirous of getting rid of E. A. Rollins, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, so as to place that branch of the service in undisputed control of the Whiskey Ring. The fear of impeachment held him in check while Congress was in session, and so he waited until that body took a recess and his new Attorney-General could prepare an opinion. The President knew that the Senate seemingly sanctioned in its recent trial the doctrine that it could not be a cause of removal to follow the advice of his Attorney-General, and so he ordered that faithful servant of the Whiskey Ring and New York stock-gamblers to prepare an opinion on the effect of Mr. Rollin's resignation to take effect upon the appointment and confirmation of a successor. That opinion was given in accordance with the President's wishes that the resignation did not mean to take effect on the appointment and confirmation of his successor, but meant to take effect unconditionally. Everybody knew that that would be the opinion of that officer, as every one knew his master desired such an opinion, and would deprive him of his bread and butter should it be refused; and who ever heard of Mr. Evarts missing a good meed by the performance of a truly disinterested action, or giving a truly independent opinion upon any subject when it would interfere with his continuance in position?

In accordance with that opinion Mr. Rollins is now kicked out of office, and some member of the Whiskey Ring in full sympathy with Andrew Johnson will soon take possession and run the Department in the interest of copperheadism and whiskey frauds. It is stated that not a man favoring the election of Grant and Colfax will be appointed or continued in office in the Revenue Bureau. Charges are already being trumped up against Republican officers and suspensions made on the strength of them in all parts of the Union. At the rate things now go on there will not long be loyalty enough in the public service to save appearances.

The campaign is beginning to open briskly. From all parts of the Union the Republican accounts are quite favorable. The defiant position of the rebel element, and the revolutionary and dangerous doctrines proclaimed by the opposition has driven many into the support of Gen. Grant who would otherwise vote for Seymour and Blair. The certainty of bloodshed and violence all over the States recently in rebellion in case of the success of the Seymour ticket is driving men from its support all over the land. The insane folly and criminal wickedness of the professed Democracy is doing more for the Republican party than the wisdom and statesmanship of Republican leaders. It almost seems as if God in his wisdom had visited the conservatives with blindness of mind and hardness of heart that they must make their political destruction sure the coming election.

The course pursued towards Gen. Grant does not help the conservatives much. The loyal people of the land believe Gen. Grant faithfully served the Union during the recent contest with rebellion, and do not much relish the idea of rebel soldiers, rebel editors, copperhead demagogues and rebel office holders denouncing him as a drunken tyrant and tool. At any rate they consider such charges come with an ill grace from a party running Frank P. Blair, Jr., as a candidate for Vice-President. As a sample of the feeling, I have only to state that a few days since a Union soldier who served under Grant remarked, on reading a three column article in a Democratic paper attempting to prove Grant was drunk some ten or fifteen years since, that he "would bet one hundred dollars that same paper would before November contain a three column article attempting to prove Frank P. Blair has seen one sober moment the last ten years." I am not going to vouch for either the sobriety or perfect virtue of every man nominated for President and Vice-President these degenerate days, but I do say that sinners make sorry work in rebuking sin, and men supporting Blair for Vice-President will do well not to be too free in their denunciations of Gen. Grant for the vice of drunkenness. Men living in glass houses will do well not to throw stones.

There is now no man in America more cordially hated by the rebels and conservatives than Gen. Butler. That hatred is likely to do for him what the hate of his enemies did for Gen. Jackson, make him President before he dies. The General is now the best abused man in the Nation, and if he is not elected President in 1872 it will be because such abuse has failed for the first time to yield its legitimate fruits. At any rate, if he is not elected President before he dies it will not be because his enemies have not done all in their power to accomplish that result.

Matters in the South are about as bad as possible. Riot and bloodshed is still the order of the day, and the only road to peace is through the White House. Let Congress come together in September and remove the only obstacle to a restored Union, and the blessing of many a Southern loyalist will be theirs.

CHARLES E. MOSS.

THE SOUTH.

EXCITEMENT IN LOUISIANA.

GOV. WARMOUTH'S CALL FOR AID.

DISORDER reigns in Louisiana. Gov. Warmouth's requisition on the President for a military force to secure aid in maintaining the peace in Louisiana, has arrived at Washington. Accompanying documents give details of rebellious outrages in the State, and estimate that ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY UNION MEN have been murdered in the last six weeks. A secret organization to keep down the colored race is in existence.

The Governor wants three regiments and a battery of artillery.

NEW ORLEANS, August 10.—In support of Gov. Warmouth's assertion that 150 murders were committed last month in this District, and half of them in this State, yesterday's *Republican* contained two columns of extracts from and references to letters in Gov. Warmouth's possession, detailing outrages in the country parishes, from March last to date. These extracts do not show that either the civil or military authorities, or Freedmen's Bureau, took cognizance of any of these affairs.

THE KU-KLUX.

MURDERS, ROBBERIES, AND OUTRAGES BY THE KLAN —SCHOOL TEACHING AND BIBLE READING PROSCRIBED.

[From the Nashville Press, July 9.]

ACCOUNTS reach us from Giles, Marshall, Hamilton and Bedford Counties, of fresh outrages perpetrated by the Ku-Klux on colored people. The horrors practiced by these wretches grow more intensely black every day. They roam through the country and perpetrate their crimes with apparent impunity, and a satanic determination and disregard of consequences perfectly appalling.

From Giles County a dozen or more colored men arrived yesterday morning, by way of the Alabama railway. Their narrative of suffering is heartrending. They all have families depending on them, are farmers who cultivated pieces of land, and were just housing their crops. They had from thirty to fifty acres each under cultivation, beside other little property in the way of stock. They are men rugged and knotted up with ceaseless toil in an up-hill struggle, not only to make a little for future contingencies, but even to make bread whereon to live. Honest laborers, out in the fields from early dawn to dewy eve, earning as they simply express it, "meat and clothes for their little ones." They all lived in the neighborhood of Cornersville, about twelve miles from Pulaski, in Giles County.

The young scoundrels of the Klan having grown bold of late by reason of the impunity with which many of their order have been allowed to roam over the country, whipping and robbing, determined to be ahead of every other place in the persecuting spirit and hostile demonstrations on colored men. A short time ago these assassins killed Mink Burks, a colored man, living on Marshall's plantation, three miles from Cornersville. The members of the Klan went round taking arms by force from every colored person who had one; and among the thieving crowd were three who were recognized by one Scott and several other colored men, who had the thieves prosecuted at the County Court of Giles County. The Ku-Klux were *discharged*. There were three of them—Bob Wolver, M. Gordon and Bob Gordon; three of the colored men were subsequently threatened with death—the day was named for the deed, and the place indicated, and about a dozen others were to be severely whipped. Their names are Crittenden, Stanhope and Buck, and on yesterday the deed was to be done. They escaped with their lives and are now in town.

A Mr. T. Clark, a very mild and gentlemanly man, who used to teach school down there, was compelled to quit by the persecuting members of the Klan. He is even afraid to write about their doings. George Bose, a colored teacher, who had a prosperous school of over forty children, was also compelled to give up his school, and is now in town. The Klan is represented as being perfectly reckless, and the house of one widow Gordon, twelve miles from Pulaski and five miles from Cornersville, is said to be the headquarters. They meet there almost nightly, and hold deliberations and plan their infernal work of blood. The wives and families of these colored fugitives are now in the woods living in the best manner they can. They, too, were driven out of their houses. Giles County needs purging.

ASSASSINATION OF THE REGISTRATION COMMISSIONER OF OVERTON COUNTY.

On the first day of July five armed men appeared before the dwelling-house of James Francis, Commissioner of Registration of Overton County, and pointing their guns at the windows demanded his surrender. Upon being informed by Mrs. Francis that her husband was not at the house, they proceeded to search the premises, took what arms they could find, and such other articles as they chose to appropriate.

By this time some confederates, who had concealed themselves on the farm, called to them to "come on, they had him." At this the ruffians left, taking their booty. A short time after they were gone, Mrs. F. heard two guns fire, and supposing her husband had been shot, she and two neighboring women followed in the direction of the firing. Directly they heard other guns, and in a few minutes twenty or more shots were fired. Continuing to follow the trail she came up to a waste-house in an old field, some two or three miles from her house, where she found her husband lying dead. His hands were tied, and his body literally riddled with bullet-holes.

Press and Times, [Tenn.]

MARSHALL COUNTY.

A letter from Marshall County of the 1st ult. gives a fearful account of the resurrected rebels in that district:

MARSHALL CO., July 1.—We have gathered some further particulars about the cruel inflictions of those infamous wretches, the Ku-Klux, or resurrected rebels as they call themselves. On the night of the 15th of July those infamous wretches went to the house of Mr. Lewis Strikally and abused him; as we learn their calculations were to serve in a like manner the person of Berryman Scales, Mr. Willis, and also R. Royster for the sole cause of boarding the teacher at his house. They expressed an intention to hang Mr. Jenkins for his habit of reading the Bible to those of his own race, thereby making them as wise as the white men, as they allege. Mr. Jenkins is the minister in this vicinity and is worthy of protection. He is allowed to preach but once a month. Five hard-working, honest citizens were dragged out of their beds in the night and maltreated in the most shocking manner. While the whipping was being done, the cause given for it was that he voted for Brownlow, and if he did not vote the Conservative ticket next time he would be killed. John Street, one of the officers of Chapel Hill, openly declared that there never had been any peace, and that they only retired a while to rest, and gather force for another rebellion. The son of another squire has been engaged in those night law-breaking and citizen-terrifying expeditions. He had his right arm wounded. Three of the Klan have been wounded, one mortally, but they are busily recruiting, and have an immense amount of guns and revolvers, and they swear they will fight again. There is a regular war here between the whites and blacks. *Ib.*

TEXAS.

ANOTHER OFFICIAL REPORT ON THE LAWLESSNESS IN THAT STATE—LARGE NUMBER OF MURDERS.

SOME time ago we printed a report to the Constitutional Convention of Texas, showing the lawlessness of the Rebels of that State. We now lay before our readers a supplementary report to the same body, which confirms all that we presented at first:

COMMITTEE ROOMS, Austin, Texas, July 21st 1868.

Hon. E. J. Davis, President of the Convention:

SIR: The Special Committee on Lawlessness and Violence respectfully present the following supplementary report:

It is, perhaps, due to ourselves to state that in collecting evidence no reference has been had to the political opinions of witnesses. The Committee issued a circular summons to all the members of the Convention, so that all, without distinction of party, were requested to report on the lawlessness in their several districts, and it is for those who failed to obey the summons to explain why they failed. They are certainly stopped from all rights to denounce the labor of the Committee as partisan in its character. We take pleasure in saying, however, that Conservatives have testified before the Committee, and some of the most flagrant outrages embodied in our report were furnished by them.

In our report of the 30th ultimo, it was stated that Milton Biggs, a loyal man, was murdered in Blanco County last year. Subsequent investigation shows that Claiborne Biggs, the son, was murdered as described, that circumstances point to certain rebel outlaws as the murderers, and that the father and other members of the family understand that their lives are in danger, and have left the county for safety.

It was also stated in said report that the District Clerk of Hunt County had been driven away on account of his loyalty. It is the Clerk of the County Court who has been thus exiled. The present Clerk of the District Court of that county is not a loyal man, and was not compelled to leave.

It is impossible at this time to give the number of murders up to the 1st of July. The reports of the Sub-Assistant Commissioners of the Freedmen's Bureau for June have not all come in yet, and complete reports of outrages in that month will not be made until the first of August. But from the few reports received, and from other authentic sources, we have collected 96 additional homicides, so that the statistics of homicides committed in Texas during the three years since the conclusion of the rebellion stand thus:

Killed in 1865,	47 whites,	51 freedmen.....	98
Killed in 1866,	75 whites,	95 freedmen.....	170
Killed in 1867,	173 whites,	174 freedmen.....	347
Killed in 1868,	182 whites,	147 freedmen.....	319
Year unknown,	32 whites,	29 freedmen.....	61
Race unknown,	--	--	40
Total.....	509	486	1,035

We have thus a grand total of 1,035 homicides in three years, or 345 per year; and estimating our population since 1865, at 800,000, we have one person killed out of every 2,026 of the whole population per year. We doubt very much if such a record of blood can be exhibited in any Christian or civilized State in the world in a time of peace. It has been stated in the papers that the homicides in New York during the year 1867, numbered 47. If this be correct, there was one person killed out of every 80,000 of her population, and then in that year there were *forty times* as many homicides in Texas as in New York, according to the population of each. The eighth census of the United States for the year 1860, reports for that year 37 homicides and murders in New York, making one person killed out of every 104,000 of her whole population, so that Texas has averaged per year since the war, *forty-five times* more homicides than New York did in 1860. We note, also, that for 14 murders in New York there were three executions in 1860, while for the 1,000 in Texas since the war there has been but one execution.

It should be remembered that in New York and other States in the North, every murder is accurately reported, while the figures here presented come far short of representing the actual number of murders in Texas during the time specified. We have kept scrupulously within the number presented to us, of which fact any candid man can satisfy himself by patiently examining all the data. We assert, too, that the reports usually relied on do not present all the homicides committed in the section described by them. For example, from the ordinary sources of information we had reported only three homicides in Washington County since the 1st of December, 1867; but when a full report is obtained from that county it gives 16 in that time. Through the usual channels only two murders are reported in Tarrant County, whereas a more complete account gives 15, and so it is with other counties. Now, when it is remembered that we have full reports from about 30 of the 137 organized counties of the State, it becomes very evident that we have information only of a portion of the murders committed. It is proper to state further that the reports which we call full do not profess to give full accounts of the murders in the counties represented by them. Many of them positively state that they do not report all, and witnesses tell us of men disappearing mysteriously, and of dead bodies being hid away in ravines, or floating down streams, of which cases no history is given.

We have never said that all of these murders were committed by rebels for political ends. In our previous report, we distinctly stated that many of them were committed for the purposes of plunder and robbery, and that many of them resulted from private quarrels. But what we insist on is, that many of the persons murdered were loyal, and that they were murdered for their loyalty. To substantiate this statement, we now present some cases of recent occurrence, not embraced in our former report:

In the Counties of Collins and Hunt, five men, well known as sterling loyalists, were brutally murdered within the last two weeks by some rebel desperadoes. The Hon. A. O. Cooley, a worthy citizen of Gillespie County, and a prominent Republican, was shot and wounded on the 10th inst. at home by an assassin from a distant county. We also learn that W. H. Upton, a Union man, was hung by a mob on the 3d inst. in Brazoria County. Here, then, are six well known Unionists murdered, and the life of another attempted—all in the present month. Some time ago, the Rev. Joshua Johnson, an excellent citizen of Titus County, and against whom nothing can be said by anybody, unless it be that he has always been true to his country, was driven from his home and the State by rebel intolerance. It is now a matter of general notoriety that loyal men in various parts of the State are receiving notices to leave, threatening them with death and the burning of their homes if they do not fly. It is equally notorious that great alarm prevails among the Union men in many localities, and many of them are abandoning their homes for their lives. We also state that it is a fact that many honorable members of this body are in receipt of letters from those that love them, from wives and children, informing them of threats to take their lives and imploring them not to return home. And we say further that the families of at least two delegates on this floor have been forced away from their homes by rebel proscription since the meeting of this Convention.

Now these are all undeniable facts, and they certainly justify the affirmation that many of the persons killed in Texas are killed for their loyalty. It is an easy matter, when a Union man is murdered, to start the cry of "thief," or "Indians," and to get credulous people to believe it; but this hypocrisy only serves to expose the guilt to the minds of reflecting men, and cannot change the fact that loyal men are murdered by rebels.

And we are constrained to add that it is by no means significant of good, that while Union men are falling at the hands of paroled prisoners of war, there are those who do not only deny the fact, but accuse those as slanderers who attempt to reveal and arrest this alarming march of crime. Certainly the first step toward providing a remedy is to ascertain the extent and the nature of the evil, and we cannot understand how any friend of mankind or of Texas can oppose an examination into the abounding violence in the State, or attempt to conceal the same from public view. It is, doubtless true that a ventilation of the social disorder in Texas will deter many good people in other States and countries from coming here. But this is already the case. Capital and emigration turn away from our State as a land of violence, while good and loyal citizens are forsaking us in large numbers. We have evidence that between 800 and 900 families within a territory of 25 or 30 counties are now leaving the State on account of the persecutions they have suffered from lawless men. Texas is to-day undergoing a process of depopulation, at least as to her truest and best citizens. And while this is going on, the lawless and outlawed in other States are flocking within our limits. Some of the leaders of the unlawful organizations alluded to in our previous report are fugitives from other States. These desperadoes seem to understand that Texas presents a promising field for their operations, and that they will here meet with sympathy and apologists in high places. And in proof of this statement we appeal to the following facts: *First*: This alarming amount of crime is persistently denied in certain quarters. *Second*: It is unequivocally avowed in the same circles that this shedding of blood must continue till the Republican party surrender the reins of government and the advocacy of colored suffrage is abandoned. In other words the disaffected in our State design to create and keep up a reign of terror till the loyal element in Texas is suppressed. The recent debates on the floor of this Convention furnish sufficient evidence on this point; and *Third*: Some of the Conservative papers of Texas openly counsel assassination, not to mention indirect invitations to murder, found in many of them. We refer now to the incendiary article in *The Daily Houston Telegraph* of the 14th inst., wherein a reference is made to lynch-law, and to the Hon. M. C. Hamilton and the Hon. C. Caldwell, and which concludes thus: "We say it solemnly, such men ought to die." We have said nothing as yet, in this report, of the murdering of freedmen. We cannot present any adequate account of the atrocities perpetrated against them from day to day. We can only say that the bloody work goes on. A short time ago, in Waco, a white man, a stranger there, accosted a freedman, and asked him if he did not fear the Ku-Klux-Klan, and, on being answered no, said "Take that," and at the same time ripped open the bowels of the freedman with a knife. The unoffending victim lingered seventeen days, and died. The assassin was bailed by his comrades, and then left. Two worthy, industrious freedmen were brutally murdered in Falls County on the 20th of this month, by white men, who stated at the same time that they intended to kill in like manner every negro that belonged to the Loyal League. Numerous instances of similar outrages are reported in various parts of the State by almost every mail. On the 4th of July the freed people of Jefferson attempted to celebrate the day, but were fired upon and dispersed by a mob of armed white men; and as an evidence of organization among the disloyal whites of that section, we mention that in a half an hour after the first shot was fired about 1,000 white men were under arms. The riot at Millican on the 15th and 16th insts. is yet unexplained, but all the accounts agree in stating that 25 or 30 freedmen were killed, while not a single white man was slain.

It is very probable that the negroes are sometimes culpable in these altercations, but we are persuaded that even then generally, they are circumvented by their more crafty foes, who manage to place them in the wrong, and goad them on to violence. This was the case in the Houston riot of last month. In that case, a freedman, a pet with the Conservatives, had shot another freedman. The disloyal police of the city pretended to arrest the criminal, and immediately, the same night, let him go without any trial whatever. The freedmen seeing this, resolved to arrest him themselves, and their effort to do so was interpreted at once by the whites as an insurrection.

We conclude by expressing it as our deliberate conviction, that unless relief, prompt and decided, is provided, not only will any Constitution, presented by this Convention, be defeated, not only will elections be broken up or controlled by violence, but the loyal, law-abiding people of Texas will be hunted to death or driven into exile. We have it upon Conservative testimony, that in many localities an election could not now be held without military protection; that the lives of good loyal citizens are in danger, and that a loyalist could not travel through the State organizing Loyal Leagues without molestation.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

G. W. WHITMORE, Chairman Com.
A. BLEDSOE,
J. G. BELL,
F. W. SUMNER,
J. H. SHEPPARD.

THE SOUTHERN SITUATION.

THE bill to distribute to the reconstructed States arms for the equipment of their militia gave rise, in the Senate, to one of the fiercest and most exciting discussions witnessed in Congress since the winter of 1860-61, when traitor Senators arose in their places and solemnly announced that they were about to commit perjury and precipitate revolution on the land. The speech of Senator Hendricks, especially, recalled those scenes to every one who had personal knowledge of them.

The present Representatives of the South, in both houses, manifested great anxiety and apprehension as to the immediate future of the reconstructed States. They know how active and well organized is the rebel minority in those communities. They remember, with aching bitterness, how poor and ignorant, practically and materially, however morally and loyally right, are the mass of their constituencies. They see, therefore, great grounds for alarm in the Democratic Blair policy, indorsed as it is by Johnson in official documents, and so defiantly sustained and urged on by as leading a public man as Hendricks. They know to what a fearful extent the Ku-Klux are organized. They have lived for months in almost daily dread of death, and that, too, in its most hideous shape—by the secret hand of assassination or the brutal terrors of mob violence. They are not yet freed from this haunting phantom. There is scarcely a Republican Representative from a State formerly in rebellion, whose daily mail does not bring him one or more of the weak, yet wicked missives of that horrid association for assassination, whose reign of terror falls darker and denser upon the South. Is it any wonder then that a speech like that of Hendricks, on the Arms bill, should be as a spark in a powder magazine?

The fiery zeal with which Mr. Hendricks rushed to the support of the Ku-Klux party, now aiming to establish a reign of terror and anarchy in the South, might well surprise those who have been wont to regard the Indiana Senator as a gentleman of moderation and honorable purpose. To violent partisan feeling alone can his perversion of the Southern situation, and of the proposed distribution of arms, such as has already been made to other States, be attributed. He is apparently not only willing to accept the aid of assassination clubs for his party, but to encourage their efforts, and to deprive their intended victims of the proper means of defense, which the Government proposed to place in their hands.

The pretext is, that this is an attempt to arm the negro and incite insurrection—the old story of Æsop's wolf and the lamb. In truth, the negro has no direct legal relations to the case, as perhaps he really ought to have. Every State, by custom and law, in vogue since we became a Nation, has been entitled to receive arms from the general Government. John B. Floyd not only saw that every State likely to enter or be dragooned into rebellion, received, of the best arms, all the law gave them, but he continued to transfer, "for safe keeping," from Northern to Southern arsenals, over a quarter of million stand of rifles.

Mr. Johnson tried to give the quotas to his bogus State governments while Mr. Stanton was in office. This was in 1866. Congress had forbidden long since, during the war, the distribution of arms to States not in loyal relations with the Union. Maryland recently procured a quantity of arms and artillery. Besides, Gideon Welles has obligingly placed in a handy position at the Annapolis Naval Academy all the cannon captured during the war by the Navy.

During the discussion, Senator Drake, of Missouri, called attention to the fact that, by the terms of surrender, the paroled Confederates were entitled to and did carry home from the field of defeat the muskets and side-arms they had fought with. He estimated, from a variety of sources, that there were in the South, over 25,000 veteran rebel soldiers in possession of efficient arms. Loyal men from Mississippi declare that from the best information they can obtain there, that Johnson's rebel Governor, had, under the black code adopted by its semi-rebel Legislature of 1865-6, which allowed any white man to disarm a negro and fine him also for the possession of weapons, obtained some ten or twelve thousand stand of arms, the property of discharged soldiers of the United States, purchased by them when mustered out. These arms the rebel militia possess. In this way all through the South the rebels are armed; the loyal men are not. All that is asked is the legal privileges accorded other States. This it is, which so excites the ire of Senator Hendricks and all Ku-Klux sympathizers among the Democracy.

Cincinnatti Weekly Chronicle.

THE SITUATION IN MISSISSIPPI.

WE are permitted to copy the following paragraph from a private letter, written by a gentleman residing in Macon, Miss. It photographs, in one brief sentence, the condition of the loyal citizens in the event of the withdrawal of military protection: "We are just recovering from the effects of the recent exciting election over the Constitution. You, of course, know the result; and, oh! what a farce! I have seen no newspapers from the North for a long time, and cannot, therefore, judge what is said about it, but rest assured it cannot be worse than it really is. Killing is now the order of the day, and it requires no little courage to face the threats secretly and publicly made against all who differ in opinion from this people. If it was not from the wholesome fear of the power of the government, life would not be safe. As it is, were it not for the protection afforded me by the presence of my wife and child, and the family with whom I board (the very best in this place), I should fear bodily harm. Such is life in the province of Mississippi!"

COLORED BORDER STATE CONVENTION.

THE Colored Border State Convention met on Wednesday at Baltimore, Md., pursuant to a published call. About sixty delegates attended, representing Missouri, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, New Jersey and Tennessee. Dr. H. J. Brown of Baltimore was selected as temporary Chairman. Dr. Brown, in his opening address, said that the Convention had been called together for the purpose of endeavoring to sustain the rights of the race it represented, and he hoped its proceedings would be characterized by moderation and dignity. Mr. Wm. Nesbitt of Pennsylvania deplored the present condition of the colored people, claiming that their right to suffrage was more valid than that of ignorant foreigners. After a few more remarks from other speakers, the committee on Permanent Organization reported the officers as follows: For President, William Nesbitt of Pennsylvania; Vice-Presidents, Samuel W. Chase of Maryland, and A. Howard of West Virginia; Secretaries George G. Collins and J. H. A. Johnston, of New Jersey. The report was unanimously adopted. The Rev. James Lynch was appointed Chaplain of the Convention, and Robert Douglas Sergeant-at-Arms. Ministers were invited to seats as honorary members, and Committees on Business, Order, and Finance were appointed. Letters were read from Dr. J. E. Snodgrass of New York, and Abraham Smith (colored) of Tennessee, expressing sympathy with the object for which the Convention was called. The Rev. William H. Corkhill of Iowa, formerly a chaplain in the army, said that he had been an Abolitionist since his birth; had imbibed it with his mother's milk. While congratulating the Convention on the rapidly improving status of the colored people of America, he remarked that he had seen colored men in Boston acting as members of a legislative body. The Rev. Amon G. Beam, (colored), of Connecticut, was next introduced, and made some remarks in reference to the enfranchisment of the colored people. Dr. Brown, chairman of the Committee on Business, here reported a long address to the colored people of the South, calling upon them to cast their votes in the coming Presidential election for that party which had enfranchised them rather than for the Democracy, whose object has always been to keep the colored people away from the ballot-box. The address, after urging the merits of Grant and Colfax, proceeds as follows:

"We ask you to beware, and with the eye of an eagle watch these alluring Democratic enemies, and with disdainful suspicion turn away from their deceptive bids and honied words, which they will employ to entrap you into their ranks. Their oily tongues, like the eye of a charming serpent, would snatch from you those rights which you hold paramount to life itself, and return you to that barbarous demoralizing institution out of which the struggling fears of Republicanism have brought you."

After the reading of the address, and the transaction of some other business, the Convention took a recess until 8 o'clock p. m., at which the delegates were addressed by Prof. Wm. Howard Day and the Rev. Jas. Lynch.

THE REBEL SPIRIT IN GEORGIA.

THE *Atlanta New Era* says of B. H. Hill's speech in that city:

"He was remarkably open in his denunciation of the reconstruction laws of Congress, declaring that they were only authorized by the bayonet and scoundrels, and designating as rogues, renegades and villains all who saw fit to acquiesce in their requirements. Boldly he declared that, in the event of the success of the Seymour and Blair ticket, an entire nullification of all these laws would follow, and the constitution framed under them would be nullified and set aside, and one immense bonfire made of the records, and those who had received money under the provisions of these laws would be called on to refund it. He served a notice that it would have to be paid back."

This is the way in which Howell Cobb speaks of ex-Gov. Brown of Georgia:

"Let him associate with negroes, but *white men of this country, cut loose from him.* [A voice says 'Amen!'] Amen, and Amen! Let it reverberate over your mountains, down your valleys, from your old men and your young men, your women and your children, until one grand chorus shall ring through every throbbing heart: 'Overboard with him!' '*He has turned traitor to the country!*' I tell you very frankly, my friends, I am not an intolerant man; but when I see a white man talking to Joe. Brown and that class of men, a feeling of revulsion comes over me. I can't help it. But when I see them talking to a negro, I feel sorry for the negro.

"You owe it to the living, you owe it to your own children and to their children. Write down in their memories this day and all days and for all time to come the feeling and spirit of abhorrence with which you regard and estimate these men. O, Heaven! for some blistering words that I may write infamy upon the forehead of these men [applause]; that they may travel through earth despised of all men and rejected of heaven, scorned by the devil himself. They may seek their final congenial resting-place under the mudsills of that ancient institution. [Laughter and applause."]

If this is not the worst spirit of the rebellion, what is it?

THE PRESS.

TROUBLE IN LOUISIANA.

[From the N. Y. Times.]

THERE is a prospect of serious trouble in Louisiana. Admitting the probability of exaggeration in dispatches always more or less partisan in their origin, enough remains to justify apprehension. In almost every section, the State suffers from the lawlessness of men who assail reconstruction by destroying the property and imperiling the lives of its friends. New Orleans is the theatre of organizations managed by prominent actors in the bloody events of 1866; their avowed purpose being to control the voting in the November election. Threats are openly uttered as to the means to be employed for the attainment of this object. In the parishes the same spirit has already assumed a worse shape. Unionists are murdered with impunity; administrators of the law confess their inability to enforce it; and a feeling of insecurity and alarm prevails over extensive districts. So much, at least, seems beyond doubt. And that these outrages are systematic, and with the view of embarassing the new government by creating something akin to anarchy, is equally certain.

It is in these circumstances that the Governor appeals to the President for military assistance. Troops are asked for in order that the civil authority may be sustained against defiant disloyalty, and that the peaceful population of the State may be protected against murderers and marauders.

On the supposition that the condition of affairs in the State is, in the main, as Gov. Warmouth alleges, the President can have no pretext for doubt as to his duty. The application does not take him by surprise. The necessity for extraneous help has been for some time presented, and the Federal authorities have therefore had ample time for the verification of alleged facts. Unless, then, the President is prepared to take issue on a question of fact, and to put his *ipse dixit* against the mass of official testimony furnished by the Governor, he cannot withhold the required force without incurring very grave responsibility.

A remembrance of the massacre of 1866 should stimulate him to prompt action. The occurrences of that period derived their worst aspect from the inattention of the Executive at Washington. Mr. Johnson may try to divide his responsibility on that occasion with the then head of the War Office. Now, however, the full responsibility rests upon himself, and he must meet it as the law requires or take the consequences. The suffering loyalists and the lawless rebels are both before him, and he must take his stand, on one side or the other, without delay.

THE GRAND CLIMAX.

THE Richmond *Enquirer* has carried off the palm. Others have contented themselves with stigmatizing the Republican party as revolutionary, tyrannical, unconstitutional, and guilty of believing

in the brotherhood of man as taught in the Declaration of Independence. These charges have been preferred so persistently, and in so many shapes, that the Southern mind—hungering and thirsting for sensations—has demanded something new. And the Richmond *Enquirer* has undertaken to furnish it. Under a startling heading—"The Radical Party a Cannibal Party"—the *Enquirer* solemnly proposes to prove that "the party who sustain Gen. Grant for the next President is a Cannibal party." Thus, to its own satisfaction, the Richmond journal fulfills its task:

Abolition having become an accomplished fact, the Radical party propose to make the negroes, both those who were slaves and those who were known as free negroes before the late war, equal with the whites all over the country, North as well as South, and especially in the South. Then, it is a negro-equality party. And if the negro is the equal of the white man, the two have a legal right to intermarry. Hence the Radical Grant party is a Miscegenation party. Miscegenation will reduce the whites inevitably to the level of the negroes, whose native worship is the adoration of reptiles and the practice of obscene rites and cannibalism in all its horrible details. To this complexion must we come at last—we, the once proud Saxon race, if Gen. Grant and his party are to prevail."

The conclusion reached, so shocks and alarms our logical contemporary, that it postpones comment to a future occasion. The discovery is glory enough for one day. And it is heralded forth with an emphatic allusion "to the danger which threatens the purity" of the white race, if the Republicans succeed.

We must confess ourselves too obtuse to appreciate the argument. We do not see any necessary connection between the obliteration of political distinctions based on color and the intermarriage of white and black. Being free, the negro must be conceded to be a man; and being a man, he should share the privileges of other men, subject only to qualifications which society may exact, and should exact from all alike. This may involve "a legal right to intermarry," the proper obstacle to which, as between white and black, will be found in public, and especially in social opinion.

Our impression always has been, however, that the nearest approach to a miscegenation—or, as Webster writes it, miscegeneration—party is to be found in the Southern Democracy. The slave system prohibited intermarriage, but it offered no objection to miscegenation. The white aristocracy of the South, now clamorous for the election of Seymour as a white man's candidate, could not tolerate the idea of negro equality, but they imposed no obloquy, penal or social, on miscegenation. Mulatto, quadroon, octoroon—all testify with what result.

We recommend the *Enquirer*, then, to push its investigation a little further. The Southern Democracy being the miscegenation party proper, its annals probably afford authentic data for testing the accuracy of our contemporary's reasoning. The danger to the purity of the white race in the South has come from those who are clamorous against negro enfranchisement. They perpetuated the degradation and corruption which the *Enquirer* denounces. The point to be ascertained is, how near their licentiousness has brought them to "The adoration of reptiles and the practice of obscene rites, and cannibalism in all its horrible details." This settled, we shall be better able to estimate the justice of the accusation against the Republican party.—*New York Times.*

SOUTHERN OPINION.

THE folly of the rebel leaders continues notwithstanding the rebukes they are receiving from their friends. They cannot see why, if they are the victims of a high-handed and despotic Radical usurpation, they should not rebel against it in as emphatic a manner as possible. The *Vicksburg (Miss). Times*, for example says:

"Objection is made down this way to the indorsement of the Blair letter, by a few timid people on the score of prudence, and yet it was this indentical letter of Frank Blair to his friend Col. Broadhead that secured the Missouri hero the nomination for Vice-President. We want just such ammunition as Frank Blair uses."

The *Meridian (Miss.) Mercury*, with the Seymour and Blair colors at the head of its columns, in a flaming article in their behalf, exclaims:

"With the skull and cross-bones of the 'lost cause' before us, we will swear that this is a white man's government. *We must make the negro understand we are the men we were when we held him in abject bondage*, and make him feel that when forbearance ceases to be a virtue, he has aroused a power that will control him or destroy him."

The *Charleston Mercury* is now on the anxious seat, and thinks there is little use "in referring too often to things that jar on people's nerves." But the day before this impulse of prudence came over it the *Mercury* said:

"General Hampton has altered in no way; not one honest man South of Mason and Dixon's line is ashamed of the musket he bore or the sword he drew in defence of the Confederate flag. The man who says that he is ashamed of it, lies. We believe that we fought for our rights, driven on by fanatical Radicals. If there is to be peace, the North must accept this fact. If it is the expectation that Gen. Hampton or men of the South are to go there or elsewhere, with bated breath, swallow our deeds, recant our principles, and fawn at the feet of Northern men, they mistake both him and us. We meet as friends, or else as enemies."

The *Richmond Dispatch* says ditto to the *Mercury*, as follows:

"These are, indeed, revolutionary times, and call for for revolutionary heroes, men of nerve, back-bone, and physical courage. Whoever hopes to deceive the Northern people, and make them believe that it is only an ordinary Presidential election, pays but a poor compliment to their powers of perception, and marks himself as unfit to be a leader of any party. There was evidently a faction of the Democratic party at the North which hoped to do this thing; but Blair's letter has rendered it impossible for them to deceive themselves much longer. They will wake up and trim their lamps soon."

Albert Pike, of *The Memphis Appeal*, counsels thus:

"Young men, it is for you to bring back these golden days. The South is our land; the North is a foreign and hostile realm. Stand at the altar of your country. Swear eternal hatred of its oppressors. Swear that the day shall come, if these oppressors shall continue, when the Susquehanna and Ohio shall be like rivers of fire, as they are now rivers of blood, between your native land and that of the Northern Huns, which no man shall attempt to cross, and live. * * * * We do not love, and will not pretend to love that Union, though we have agreed to obey the laws of the conqueror."

John Forsythe, of the *Mobile Advertiser*, writes thus:

"And here we may as well say that the people of the South do not intend to submit to that permanent rule, result as the Presidential election may. And they have only submitted to its indignities and insults so far because they have been waiting for the good sense and justice of the American people to relieve them from it, and restore them to their civil rights in the November elections."

The Petersburg (Va). Index asserts:

"Under our laws Virginia has a right to vote in the next Presidential election. Traitors would deny us that right, and accompany that denial with threats. Virginians are not to be frightened. To the counting of our votes the National Democracy stands solemnly pledged. Let us do our duty—and vote. Let us leave to the people of the North their duty—counting our vote."

The Mobile Tribune says:

"We must break up the loyal leagues, and to do this it is only necessary that the negroes should be properly instructed. Point out to the negroes the way they should go. Tell them that the carpet-baggers in the Legislature are the veriest scum, thrown up by the boiling cauldron of the late Revolutionary war, and they are a gang of political vagabonds on the prowl for plunder, and they will surely aid you in driving the unprincipled wretches from the States."

Bos. Daily Advertiser.

THE LESSON OF KENTUCKY.

KENTUCKY avoided the direct force of the blows inflicted on either side during the war by claiming to be neutral, but sent two-thirds of her fighting men into the rebel armies. She maintained Slavery with fatal persistence after it had been abolished everywhere else, and still maintains the "White Man's Government" in her State administration. Blacks have no rights in that State which White men are bound to respect. The so-called Unionists, led by the *Louisville Journal*, have pursued the timid conservative policy of trying to placate the Rebels, until they have lost all power and influence, except so far as they have become Rebels in spirit themselves. The Ku-Klux-Klan rules; the friends of the Union and equal rights have barely the nucleus of a party, which seems rapidly melting away, and will wholly disappear unless universal suffrage soon becomes the law of the State. The spirit of Slavery and the Rebellion nominates every candidate for office, and elects him. The spirit of Rebellion and Slavery has just carried the State by 90,000 majority. The State has not a tithe of the loyalty which is to be found in South Carolina, where even Democrats and Conservatives, like Gov. Orr, accept the situation fully, and advocate impartial suffrage, based on qualifications of education and property. If there are any faint-hearted or weak-kneed Republicans who doubt the expediency of impartial suffrage, we beg them to compare Kentucky, which did not secede, with South Carolina, which was the foremost to leap into the Rebellion. In the former, the Republicans hardly dare indorse the principles of the party for fear of losing their lives. In the latter, the Democrats and Conservatives meet Radical principles half-way. Which is the more nearly reconstructed?

N. Y. Tribune.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1868.

RADICALISM.

JOURNALS that affect to be, and some that are, radical, find fault with us for criticising Grant and the action of the Republican party. Such critics mistake the function of radicalism. There are very few moments in history when it has had any other duty, or chance for influence, except to hang on the skirts of *governing conservatism* and, by constant appeal and criticism, attempt, in some slight degree, to mould its action. Now and then, at great intervals, in a convulsive moment it has leapt into the saddle and guided, for one instant, the people's course. Ordinarily it petitions, advises, criticises, rebukes,—while Conservatism reigns.

"Right, forever on the scaffold,
Wrong, forever on the throne."

The reason of this is plain enough. Not more than one man in a thousand does his own thinking. The rest fall lazily into the ruts of their grandfathers. Hence few question the rightfulness or the use of existing institutions. Not more than one man in a hundred has any object in life except to make money, get office and have a good, easy time. The best way, of course, to secure these objects is to take things as they are, find no fault, make no enemies, but sail quietly on a calm sea. Put these two motives together and they explain why nine men out of ten are conservative. Unquestioning indolence, bigotry, selfishness, ambition, sincere ignorance, easy good nature, these count always majorities. The earth quakes, the heavens thunder, men run to and fro—we think, at last, a decree of absolute justice is sure to be registered. The Convention, Parliament, Congress assembles—there's a *hocus pocus* of voting and lo! after a while, its President steps out on the balcony and hands to the expectant crowd a goblet full of two-thirds stale water and one-third fresh. Angry men cry "Cheat,"—impatient men curse the "Humbug" and return to their "vomit."

But the laws which secured that result are far more evident than that which rolls the avalanche down Mount Blanc and not up. Those laws give us no reason to despair. Man is not, in the long run, either a lazy baby or a selfish drudge. Give him time, he will unveil truth and worship justice. To finish our quotation from Lowell:

"But that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own."

Repentant Florence vainly begs for the bones of that DANTE whom, three hundred years before, she drove from her streets with fire and sword. Kings crowd to uncover the statue of LUTHER in that very Worms, where three centuries ago, his friends trembled to trust him with the fathers of those very kings. The world does move.

How? Not by the Radical minority sitting down, singing Hosannahs to the fashionable majority, and asseverating that everything is just exactly as it should be. No. But by their swallowing gratefully the one-third of fresh water, pouring on the ground the stale, and going forward, *at once*, to claim absolute justice. As to church matters, in years just past, we *came out* of the organization, deeming this the most unequivocal and emphatic method of protest. Whether the same course is best in political matters and now, each man must decide for himself. But of one thing there can be no doubt. Inside or outside party lines, the Radical is bound to make incessant protest against the shortcomings, omissions and corruption of his party, and every element of unfitness in its candidates.

The times are measured by the men they accept. The LINCOLN of 1861 was an unexpected gain. Instead of a tinkling cymbal from Auburn, we got an honest half-way man from Illinois. The LINCOLN of 1865 was a recoil of the pendulum, and had he lived without changing, would have been a heavier curse than Johnson. Since his death there have been two or three moments when Radicalism, had it been bold, could have snatched the sceptre and stamped the present epoch with its own image. Cowardice and corruption lost those chances. Chicago assembles—a mixed mass of motive. Sincere distrust, not quite sure that justice is safe and honesty the best policy—well-intentioned Radicalism—half-hidden hate of it—greed for gain—office-seeking for self and cousins—personal spite—all these went up to Chicago, and Grant is the result. What shall Radicals do? Despair? Not a bit of it. Gird up their loins and, accepting the good, work earnestly to make it better. Shall Radicalism say "Amen" to all Chicago, just because the clouds look black? Certainly not. Our weapon is truth—always the exact and whole truth. Our object is to enact absolute justice into statute, to press the best party into being better.

Still more to Abolitionists does this post belong. Our Radical friends in Congress have been able to get but half the loaf. Congress has done much that it ought not to have done, and left undone much that it ought to have done. What has been neglected jeopards all that has been done. On what field was it that one of Napoleon's marshals, defeated in the morning, cried out, "there's yet time to fight another battle to-day," and won a victory before sunset? So with the South. Beaten in arms, she plans one struggle more in this epoch of revolution, to recover her losses. 'Tis the gambler's last, desperate effort. No means will be left unused to win. All that force or fraud, corruption and intrigue can do, will be tried. Seymour elected reverses Appomattox, and Grant surrenders to Lee. But though all this is true, still the Republican party has proved its utter incompetency to govern. It has failed to comprehend the times; flung away noble opportunities, submitted weakly to insult and contradiction, and lost character by cowardly cringing to foes and infamous desertion of friends. A mob rather than a party, its great guilt is that it has brought the country where it stands to-day, in more imminent peril than any hour since 1861. If the Republic falls its epitaph should be: *The men it bred good enough to stand by it were not wise enough to save it.*

In such times the duty of the Radical is essentially the same as during the last twenty years—to rouse and educate the people. Grant and Colfax, Howard, Washburne, and Bingham need the same criticism and rebuke from Wade, Sumner, and Stevens that J. Q. Adams and Giddings gave to Davis, Frelinghuysen and Marshall; while, Fessenden and Ross are the Gag-Atherton, and John Tyler of this act in the drama. Did ever *Tribune* or *Post* do its duty *then* to those traitors? As idle is it to expect them at their posts to-day. It is for us to unmask and hunt down such treason. When it rots, harmless, in a grave fifty years old, either *Post* or *Tribune* will write truthful enough epitaphs for it. Almost any honest man now sees Webster's 7th of March speech in its true light. Only Radicals hear the same tone in Trumbull. Our critics are men who run out and put on two locks the morning after the horse is stolen. We put one on the morning before. We are the blocks that keep the carriage from falling back, and the horses that are to drag it up, still higher. Our critics are the loungers hard by, who wonder how the coach ever got so far up and interfere only to assure us that it is wholly out of the question and very dangerous to press on any further; meanwhile they avail themselves of our success by taking the best seats inside.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS, August 9th, 1868.

FOR a brief season we take refuge in the mountains. Only those who imprison themselves month after month in small offices in the crowded city, surrounded by the constant hurry and high pressure of metropolitan life, and then go forth to breathe the air of delicious sweetness and purity, and to touch and look upon the great world outside, can know of the delightful contrast we realize here at the mountain summit of one of the highest of the Catskills! We make these pencil notes upon South Mountain, at an elevation of several hundred feet above the Catskill Mountain House. The view before us includes portions of seven States. Directly in front is the valley of the Hudson, with an unbroken view of the river for more than fifty miles. In the dim distance are portions of the Green Mountains of Vermont, the White Mountains of New Hampshire, the Berkshire and Housatonic hills of Massachusetts and Connecticut. We have also a very dim sight, almost imaginative, of the distant mountain summits of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. With our unusually clear atmosphere, following the rain of yesterday, it is a day of a thousand to be here. There are just enough clouds to give a most pleasing variety of light and shadow upon the extended landscape. A description of the picture, if it were possible, we do not propose to give. We only mean to hint to any one who chances to read these notes, and who may be weary and worn, in need of fresh, vitalizing air, and quiet rest from the busy whirl of the city, that here is a place to find both.

The old-fashioned stage-coach conveys passengers, over a very good road from the Catskills, nine miles to the base of the mountain, and then a comparatively easy, gradual ascent of three miles up to the Mountain House. Indeed the road up the mountain is a remarkably good one, made and kept in excellent condition by Mr. Beach, the enterprising proprietor of the Catskill Mountain House. Mr. Beach has now also an independent line of telegraph for the especial accommodation of his guests. Therefore, though you may have a full measure of absolute retirement in the innumerable, delightful retreats which the mountains afford, you can, if need be, feel the public pulse at any moment. The ascent of the mountain, at each turn in the winding circuitous road-way, presents some new feature of the wonderfully beautiful landscape, with many pleasant surprises, and is a very enjoyable part of a visit here.

About midway up the mountain is the Rip Van Winkle House, a pleasant hotel and boarding-house, of moderate dimensions, occupying the site whereon Rip Van Winkle is supposed to have taken his prolonged nap of twenty years. About two miles west of the Mountain House are the Cauterskill Falls. Though there is but little water, the height is greater than at Niagara. The first fall is one hundred and eighty, and the second, immediately below it, is eighty feet high. Back of the first fall is a very remarkable rocky amphitheatre, with a shelving rock for a roofing, which projects a distance of seventy feet. You overlook from the Falls a portion of the very deep ravine known as the Clove; and the mountain scenery on every side is of the wildest conceivable character. There is here a large hotel, known as the Laurel House, increasing in size from year to year, and yet unequal to the demands made upon it by tourists and boarders. It is owned and kept by Mr. J. L. Schutt, one of the most obliging and considerate of landlords. His guests this year have been largely in excess of any previous year, and are likely to continue to increase in number as the beauty and interest of the locality become more extensively known. The warlike Gen. McCullum, and a pleasant party of peaceable Philadelphia Friends, in addition to many of the "world's people," mere pleasure seekers, are among the guests at the Laurel House at the present time. While we do not admire what seems to us the narrow views of Friends, pertaining to music, amusements, and some points of doctrine, we confess to a feeling of special satisfaction—as we see these intelligent, neatly and plainly dressed Quaker ladies, in contrast with others, so fashionably and extravagantly attired—that Friends are still preserved, to bear in some sort, by example, a greatly needed testimony of plainness and simplicity in dress. Religious services are being held this morning in the spacious parlors of the Mountain House, but a major portion of the guests, like ourselves, seem to prefer to worship outside upon the Mountain.

We are reminded as we look upon the great picture spread out before us of the important changes which have taken place since we saw it in 1860. Then this beautiful valley of the Hudson, and the mountains of the neighboring States, which are included in our field of vision, were legitimate hunting-ground for innocent men and women from among our colored clients who sought refuge from bondage. Since 1860, into many of the thousands of homes upon the farms and in the villages and cities which we overlook, sorrow has entered, as an inevitable fruition of the great crime of slavery.

Many important events have occurred, which we need not here enumerate, in which we may very heartily rejoice. But alas! we have still to remember that, though slave-hunting and slave-holding are no longer lawful pursuits, the status of the colored people in this country remains an exceptional one.

The landscape pictures are fair and beautiful, but the moral condition of the people is yet too low for an enlightened recognition of the equal citizenship of all men and women. Grant Republicanism sinks to the dead level of a conscienceless policy. Seymour Democracy goes to the bottom of the slough of despond and desperation. Let Abolitionists keep on the moral heights, and in the name of justice, in behalf of a proscribed, long-suffering race, continue to help others to come up higher.

A. M. P.

THE REBEL PROGRAMME.

De Bow's Review for July, in an article called "Progress of Amalgamation," urges as a reason why Southern white men should unite against the voting of colored people, that the question of black suffrage comprehends, necessarily, that of equal social station, including the legal right of intermarriage between black and white. The author insists that both these points of equality must be rigidly withheld from the colored people, and that this decision is not a matter of taste, merely, but "the most serious consideration of Southern statesmen and lawgivers." So, to prepare its Louisiana readers for unanimous action upon the question of black suffrage, it asks—"Are people generally ready for the admission of colored persons into their family circle by the sacred rites of marriage?" And again—"Must the father of a white family acknowledge the validity of a marriage contracted between his son and a pitch black Ethiopian, and have his new daughter-in-law introduced among the members of his white household, *nolens volens*, and entitled to all the usual family relations?"

Calm yourself, worthy patriarch! The danger, instead of being so imminent as your excited imagination pictures it, has but the barest trace of possibility. In the first place, your son *cannot* marry an Ethiopian, even if he were so inclined, without going to seek her in Ethiopia. All the marriageable negro girls in this country were *born* in this country, and are as much natives of it as you are. And then, how could you make the supposition that *your* son (I mean, of course, as you did, one of your *white* sons), should *wish* to live with a black woman. Nobody knows better than you, indeed it is one of the axioms upon which your religion and politics are founded, that every member of the white race has a natural, instinctive, unconquerable repugnance to the very idea of such partnership with one of the black race. My good sir, you owe an apology to your (white) son for the bare conjecture. Why should you imagine that he is less firmly grounded in true Southern principles than yourself? Depend upon it, he will never ask such a thing of you.

Be comforted. However the dominant Northern party may enlarge the privileges of black people, that class of your sons whose interests you now have in mind will have no thought of taking wives of that color. I can assure you that as to complexion, they will prefer brunettes—and, as to descent, girls with unquestionably white blood in their veins. If they take for wives the daughters of "high-toned Southern gentlemen," whether of your own State or of one of the "first families of Virginia," what more can you ask?

Another of your fears is equally groundless, namely, that of the introduction of an unwelcome daughter-in-law, *nolens volens*, among the members of your household. Fear nothing. Northern tyranny has not reached that point. The power of Southern fathers to disinherit their sons, or to refuse to receive as a daughter the wife taken by a son against their consent, remains intact. It is for *you* to decide who shall be admitted to your house, whether as a guest or an inmate; and you may shut out the most authentic F. F. V., or the quadroon daughter of your most gentlemanly and aristocratic neighbor, if you feel a prejudice against her.

The leading article of the same number of *De Bow's Review* speaks as follows of the colored people, and of the purposes of the ex-slaveholders in regard to them:—"It is true, this class represents in some respects that amount of ignorance and vicious indulgence against which society must everywhere protect itself; but it represents a capacity for production highly valuable, and not rashly to be excluded from the country. This class must be protected, enlightened and utilized. It must, however, be kept in its present position; it must be governed by superior intelligence; it must be protected in its political rights, without allowing its physical or social amalgamation. This is the problem for Southern solution."

Self-knowledge is well known to be a rare attainment. Our Southern writer seems serenely unconscious that "ignorance" is as fully represented by the poor whites of the South, and "vicious indulgence" by their whole white population, as by the negroes. But even if he knew this, it would make no difference, for in his estimation it is only the ignorance and the vice *of colored people* against which "society" needs to protect itself.

It is amusing to see the small aristocratic class of the South, the 200,000 men whom Helper so clearly unveiled to us as constituting "the slave power," still labeling themselves "Society," and still thinking that the Nation exists mainly for them, and that its intelligence, prosperity and general welfare are to be sacrificed to the indulgence of their prejudices. They fairly rival the three tailors of Tooley street, who commenced their proclamation with the words, "We, the people of England." They feel as firmly assured that the saints shall inherit the earth, and that *they* are the saints, as any handful of *Puritan* fanatics ever did. The conquering Nation took away, for a time, the arms of these rebels; but to strip them of the habit of bullying and domineering—that was beyond mortal power. What is bred in the bone will not come out of the flesh.

The colored people, it seems, ignorant and vicious as they are, are not to be driven from the country, since they have a highly valuable "capacity of production." The 200,000 propose, therefore, to "utilize" the 4,000,000. The 200,000 will "govern them by superior intelligence"—will keep them in their present position" (except so far as opportunities shall arise for crowding them nearer to the old slave-level), and will graciously grant them such instalments of enlightenment and "political rights" as shall not interfere with the purposes above rehearsed, nor tend towards "physical or social amalgamation!" "This is the problem for Southern solution;" that is to say, for solution by the 200,000, who *are* the South!

The manner in which Southern whites are to work out this solution is shown by another expression in the same paragraph, namely: speaking of the compact formed by the founders of this Nation, the author says—"The relative rights of all parties to that compact are now practically remitted to the original and universal arbiter—the relative ability of each party to impress its own construction upon any compact to which it may be a party."

It was of such venerators of custom and tradition that a poet wrote—

"The good old rule
Sufficeth them—the simple plan
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

We are fairly warned. The ex-rebels tell us plainly in words, as well as by deeds, that the future of the Southern States is to be arranged according to their ability to *impress their own construction upon any compact to which they may be a party*—whether this compact be with the colored people as laborers, or with the United States as a Nation! The United States can (perhaps) take care of themselves, as they did between 1861 and 1865. But what prospect have the Southern negroes, who have to seek employment from *such* men, proposing *such* a plan of action?

We of the North believe in fidelity to contracts. We recognize it as duty, and we further accept it as good policy. We fulfilled, to our own loss, the bargain made by our fathers with the South; not even claiming exemption on the ground that it was a vicious bargain—until *they* chose to break it, in the hope of gaining greater advantage. Now, having seized and disarmed the criminal who has used treachery, perjury and violence against us, we propose to release him on his personal recognizance. Our authorities have given the order—"Swear him, and let him go." With his idea of the binding force of a contract, would it be possible to do anything *less* to him than require him to swear that he will not do it again? But how if he not only refuses to take this oath, but openly swears that he *will* do it again, as soon as he can find or make the opportunity? May we not, under these circumstances, at least prevent him from voting for Jeff. Davis or his friend Horatio Seymour for the next President? Mr. Trollope thinks we may not. Mr. Trollope thinks that to do so would be intolerable and unsurpassable tyranny! Fortunately, there is no need of our accepting Mr. Trollope's judgment as sound in this matter.

It is with no ordinary emotion that every friend of human liberty will read the announcement of the death of Thaddeus Stevens which took place at his residence in Washington on the night of the 11th inst. Although not formally identified with any Anti-Slavery organization, he had for many years been recognized as the leader of the radical wing of the Republican party, and now that he has passed from the stage of human endeavor, he will be widely mourned by a bereaved Nation, not alone for vigor of intellect, but for intensity of conviction, integrity of purpose and unswerving love of liberty. In the darkest hour of the Nation's subserviency to the Slave Power he stood in his place in the House, another ADAMS, "faithful amid the faithless;" unmoved by the fiercest assault, answering all with crushing logic, or yet more irresistible sarcasm. For a fourth of a century the history of his country was his history, identified with every prominent measure, treading on the verge of the grave, the prey of disease, yet upheld by marvelous tenacity of purpose, how powerless to sway or move from conviction was the relentless hate and obloquy by which he was pursued those many years! Meeting death with the calmness of some hero of old romance, whose mission in the world was to secure the birthright of liberty for all, he died as he had lived, leaving a memory to be treasured long by posterity.

PERSONAL.

Mendelssohn is to have a monument in Leipsic.

Parepa got $1,000 in gold for singing one night at Oakland, Cal.

Henry Wm. Longfellow was one of the visitors at Harrow, Speech Day.

Mrs. Stowe is at her summer residence at Stockbridge, busy upon a new fiction.

Gen. Butler is a candidate for Congress in the Fifth District of Massachusetts.

A negro in Paris plays Sivori's nightingale piece better than Sivori himself.

Christina Nilsson, the young Swedish cantatrice, who abroad divides the honors with Patti, is of very humble descent, and was born in a poor hut in the province of Smaland.

The *Albany Express* says:

"Mr. Seymour's letter of acceptance has the clammy coldness of Uriah Heep; the audacious assumption of Chevy Slyme, and the hollow hypocrisy of Pecksniff."

An exchange has the following:

"Patti has stipulated to remain upon the stage five years after her marriage, and retain her maiden name in the bills."

A correspondent writing from Gouldsboro', Maine, says:

"Sallie Holley had a good meeting here on Sunday, the 3d inst. Next Sunday she speaks in the Methodist meeting house in Sullivan; a week from then in Ellsworth."

Madame Emma Chenu, who passed a brilliant examination some years ago in science, and obtained from the Faculty of Paris the degree of Bachelor of Science, came before the same body last month as a candidate for honors in mathematical science.

The *N. Y. Tribune* says:

"Being a Democrat makes the colored man fit company at dinner in South Carolina now-a-days. We read that "The colored Democrats in the vicinity of Willington, Abbeville District, gave an excellent dinner to their white friends at that place on Saturday last. A large crowd, composed of whites and blacks, were in attendance. Short addresses were delivered by the Rev. Mr. Porcher, and James Bryan, colored."

Miss Anna E. Dickinson, who has been spending the summer at one or more of the sea-side resorts, has, as her numerous friends will be glad to learn, completed the story upon which her pen has been actively employed for some months. It is, of course, reformatory in character, dealing with the questions of the hour, and its appearance, which may be expected early in autumn, will be an event of rare interest to the literary world.

Richard D. Webb, so well known to the readers of THE STANDARD, met, we regret to learn, with a serious accident in his Western travels recently. By a fall through the hold of a vessel, he dislocated an arm and received other severe injuries, of which we have, as yet, been unable to learn the particulars. He is now at St. Mary's Hospital, Detroit, and spoken of as being in a condition of much physical suffering, although receiving all the attention skillful physicians and nurses can bestow upon him.

From Dr. E. D. Hudson we have the following:

"Our friend Abby Kelly Foster, whose extreme surgical operation, and subsequent condition, were announced last week, has continued up to this day, August 10th, steadily and slowly to convalesce.

"The favorable result which was prognosticated in that report, is being verified. I am yours very truly,

"E. D. HUDSON, M.D.

A Boston correspondent says:

"In our streets you may meet *Adams, Burlingame* and *Motley;* three residents, just home from representing the Nation at London, Pekin, and Vienna. Such a sight was never seen in Boston before, and is as good a sign as could be found of the changed mood of the Republic. In a Southern city the same thing might often have occurred. But till the Rebellion few Northern men, comparatively, were allowed in such posts. Now three first-class embassies in one Northern city, and that city, Boston. As marked a sign as negro supremacy in South Carolina."

The *Philadelphia Press* says:

"The amiable and Christian soldier and gentleman, and the efficient officer, Maj.-Gen. Howard, is making, perhaps, his last official tour of the South. His devotion to the cause of humanity is evinced by addresses to the poor and suffering as he passes along. The labors of his peculiar office have been arduous in the extreme, and the country has been fortunate in finding a man upon whom they could be imposed with so much confidence, and to whose untiring exertion their successful performance is due. Wherever his tour extends, his ministrations are those of the good Samaritan. The colored people hang upon his words of exhortation and advice as though they fell from the lips of a divine. The down-trodden seek his aid, and look to him for relief from the pangs of a thraldom made sorer than slavery by the tyranny of the ruffian Ku-Klux. The detractions he has suffered from malignant enemies serve to brighten his record, and make his mission more than ever one of charity."

The Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, speaking of "Cabinet politics," says:

"The brief paragraph respecting Secretary Seward in last Thursday's *Times* created no little commotion here, and the intimation that he again would place himself in accord with the party of his creation, is hailed with joyous acclamation by men who, while differing with that distinguished statesman on questions of reconstruction, still hold him in high esteem, no less for his purity of heart than for his unselfish patriotism. It is more than hinted that other members of the Cabinet consider themselves absolved from further alliance with the Democratic party, and will act with reference to the pending issues in accordance with their earlier political faith and affiliations. Their friends claim for them consistency in this course, for, having done all that they were constitutionally empowered to do in furtherance of the policy which to them seemed the only correct one, and after a three years' adherence to that policy, finding themselves unsustained by the people and without the the hope of present judicial indorsement, and with their plan of reconstruction superseded by another, they can now with propriety accept the situation and decline to longer fight in a hopeless cause, especially when the fight can only be sustained by accepting the men and principles of the late anti-war party. Even a success could promise nothing better than anarchy."

AN ANTI-SLAVERY REMINISCENCE.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

MANY readers of THE STANDARD remember the old Anti-Slavery days, when we all worked together in solid phalanx, unconscious of sectarian differences, and our moral influence unadulterated by admixture with politics. Those were glorious days, wherein souls were refreshed by living for an earnest purpose, and strengthened by fearless conflict with falsehood. They were filled with thrilling tragedies, not unfrequently relieved by amusing comedies. One incident in particular frequently occurs to my mind, and always produces a smile.

In January, 1837, I attended the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. The present was then so full of vitality, so all-absorbing, I find it difficult to realize that it has now become matter of history. "The Bible Question," as it was called, was then uppermost; slaveholders being exceedingly prone to quote the example of the Patriarchs, excepting in such things as were outgrown by public opinion, and consequently forbidden by modern laws. While this subject was under discussion, a pale, aristocratic-looking man rose up from among the audience and said: "I am from Georgia. I came to this meeting for light. If you can convince me that slavery is condemned by the Bible, I will at once emancipate my slaves. The abolitionists, full of the faith that moral influence would leaven the whole lump of Southern despotism, if they could only get a chance to work it, in, were delighted with an opportunity to discuss "the Bible Question" with a slaveholder; and he was eagerly invited to the platform. The expression of his face at once impressed me as something made up. It told of a whole life-time of suppressed convictions, and of known falsehoods artfully assumed as truths. His tones were studiously soft, and his enunciation very exactly measured. I have an instinctive aversion to smooth people; and while he was repeating, "If you can convince me that the Bible condemns slavery, I will immediately emancipate my slaves; for the Bible is *my* rule of life"—I was thinking of Tennyson's description of "a rogue in grain, veneered with sanctimonious theory." But the abolitionists were generally disposed to give him credit for sincerity, and they went to work zealously to convert him. He maintained, according to the Southern fashion, that God ordained slavery when he cursed Canaan. Had he read his Bible more carefully, he would have noticed that it was not God who cursed Canaan, but his father, Noah, who probably had not recovered from his deep intoxication; that being a state when men are peculiarly addicted to cursing. The Patriarchs of Israel were of course quoted as venerable examples of slaveholding; but though the modern patriarchs of the South were accustomed to follow their example of taking bondwomen for concubines, they had too prudent a regard for public opinion to quote *that* part of their proceedings as sacred authority for Christians. The fact that Paul sent Onesimus back to Philemon was triumphantly repeated, and it was necessary to remind him that he overlooked Paul's injunction to the master to "receive him no longer as a servant, but as a brother beloved." But he was impassive to all arguments, replying, in the blandest manner possible, "You have said much that is true, and much that is new; but the true is not new, and the new is not true. You fail to convince me that the Bible condemns slavery. You call us gentlemen of the South men-stealers; and in so doing you presumptuously brand as a sin a custom universally practised by the holy Patriarchs." A colored man, who was listening with obvious impatience, sprang to his feet exclaiming, "And what did the Patriarchs themselves say of it? Did not the Patriarch Joseph say 'I was *stolen*?' And did not the other sons of Jacob acknowledge, 'We are verily *guilty* concerning our brother?'" The general laugh excited by this rejoinder slightly disconcerted the slaveholder, but he soon recovered his composure, and went on to say, with the utmost urbanity, "I admire your zeal, ladies and gentlemen. But you are laboring under a great mistake. You suppose that servants at the South are oppressed and discontented. On the contrary, they are very kindly treated, and are an extremely happy class of people. They don't *wish* for their freedom, and wouldn't take it if it was offered to them. I will furnish you with one positive proof of this. My name is Hogan. You will perhaps recollect that, a year ago, when I and my family took passage in the Eli Whitney, to return to the South, you abolitionists sent a writ of *habeas corpus* on board the vessel, to induce my slave Pinda to leave us. But she was too intelligent to take such a foolish step. Like most of our servants, she had great horror of the abolitionists, and a very poor opinion of your Northern liberty. We had been staying in New Hampshire, with the mother of her mistress; and she said the old lady did more work in one day than she had ever been required to do in a week. Pinda is so strongly attached to us that we couldn't *whip* her away from us. And that is generally the case with the servants at the South. They don't *want* their freedom, and wouldn't take it if it was offered them."

The abolitionists were somewhat discomfitted by this announcement. They had sent a writ of *habeas corpus* on board the Eli Whitney and informed a slave that, her master having brought her to Massachusetts, she had a legal right to her freedom; and they well remembered that, after some bewilderment and hesitation, she persisted in going back with her master and mistress. They greatly regretted her decision; not merely on her own account, but because they foresaw that a bad use would be made of it by the pro-slavery press. And in fact the Boston papers of the next day were loud in their condemnation of "impertinent interference with gentlemen's servants, who were wise enough to prefer slavery with their masters to trusting themselves with these hare-brained philanthropists."

Mr. Hogan was comfortably aware of the vantage ground he had gained; but he preserved the same smooth politeness. He went on to say, in the most oily tones, "I admire your zeal, and I am much surprised by your intelligence. I had supposed the abolitionists were a coarse, ignorant, vulgar set of people. I am surprised to find so many intelligent and cultivated ladies and gentlemen among you. But I do assure you you are laboring under a mistake. Our servants are a *very* happy class of people. My wife's dressing-maid Pinda is a true representative of them. She is so strongly attached to us that we couldn't *whip* her away; and she has reason to be attached to us; for all my neighbors would testify that I am a *very* kind master."

He skillfully dodged such inquiries as why these contented servants were marked with red-hot iron, and why blood-hounds were trained to track them when they ran away from their very kind masters; and he answered all arguments with the same stereotyped assertions; being never weary of repeating, "There is my wife's dressing-maid Pinda; we couldn't *whip* her away from us if we tried." The smooth sinuosities of this man contrasted strikingly with the bold straight-forwardness and well-aimed thrusts of the abolitionists. I smiled to see them waste their honest strength trying to harpoon such a slippery eel. But as he continually repeated that he came to the meeting for light, and pledged himself to emancipate his slaves if he could be convinced that the Bible did not sanction slavery, they checked the feeling of distrust that was growing upon many of them, and resolved that the advocate of slavery should have no cause to complain of want of courtesy on their part. When the meeting closed, and he expressed a wish to be introduced to some of the leading abolitionists, several of them invited him to their houses, hoping to convince him that emancipation would be a blessing to the South and to the whole country. My gentle friend Ellis Gray Loring said to me, "Maria, let me introduce you to this Southern gentleman. I have invited him to spend an evening with us, and I shall want you to talk to him." I answered, in my abrupt way, "What's the use? You

might as well try to keep water on a duck's back, as to to attempt to fix principles in his mind. The man's a Jesuit." But Mr. Hogan was introduced to me and said very flattering things; and so potent was his blandness, that I refrained from blurting out, "You don't believe a word you are saying, and I know it."

A day or two afterward, when I was going down Washington street, Mrs. Loring said to me, "I wish you would call at Mrs. Chapman's and remind her that Mr. and Mrs. Hogan are to be at our house this evening, and that she and her sisters must not fail to come. When I gave the message to Mrs. Chapman, I noticed an ambushed smile in her eyes. She clapped her hands softly, in her lady-like way, and said "Who do you think is here? Pinda is in the next room!" Whereupon I clapped my hands in a more emphatic manner, and began to repeat, in Mr. Hogan's smooth and measured tones, "There is Pinda, my wife's dressing-maid; she is so strongly attached to us, we couldn't *whip* her away if we tried."

The particulars were soon told. As Mr. Nell was crossing a street near the Providence Railroad, he noticed a colored woman, whose gay turban, and general appearance, led him to suspect she was recently from the South. When he accosted her, she told him she was trying to find her master's lodgings. "Are you a slave?" inquired he. "Yes," she replied; "but I don't mean to be always." "You want to be free then?" said he. "To be sure I do," was the ready response. He told her he would show her the way to some good friends, and he forthwith escorted her to Mr. Chapman's house. Mrs. Chapman was engaged in conversation with a lady who had been present at the Annual Meeting. I believe it was Miss Mary Parker. "Mr. and Mrs. Hogan are members of the orthodox church," said Miss Parker; "and I have invited a number of our orthodox friends to meet them at my house, thinking they will be most likely to obtain influence over their minds. I am now on my way to invite the Hogans." Their conference was interrupted by the ringing of the door-bell, and a colored woman was soon after introduced. She announced herself as a slave just arrived from the South. "What is your master's name?" inquired Mrs. Chapman. "Hogan," was the reply. "And what is your name?" "Pinda." The ladies looked at each other and smiled. Pinda, being further questioned, said, "I am going to take my freedom, but I want to go to Massa first. We got snagged on the river, and my trunk was carried in one boat, and I was put on another. Massa's got my trunk, else I wouldn't go near him; but I want to get my clothes and things. There's where Massa is;" and she showed a soiled card, on which was written "No. 5 Court street." "You can bring away your trunk openly, and tell your master that, as he sent for you to come here, you are free by the laws of Massachusetts," rejoined Mrs. Chapman. Pinda shook her head. "If massa know'd I was going to take my freedom," said she, "he could contrive a thousand ways to hinder me. When I've got my clothes and things, I'll slip away some time when they've gone out." "I am going to the house," said Miss Parker, "and I'll show you the way." She accordingly went and delivered her note of invitation at Mr. Hogan's lodgings, and Pinda passed in, in search of her master and mistress.

When Mrs. Chapman had given me this account, she added, "Pinda has come here this morning to tell me her plans. While Mr. and Mrs. Hogan are at Mr. Loring's this evening, she is going to send away her trunk, and quit her kind master." I expressed a wish to see her, and she was summoned. At first, she seemed a little shy, but being assured that I was a true friend to the colored people, she spoke more freely. When I asked why she refused to take her freedom a year ago, when she was on board the Eli Whitney, she replied, "I was sort o' skeered, Missis. I didn't know what they was going to do with me nor where they would carry me. I know'd Massa wouldn't tell my husband the truth about it, and if he was ever to git away, he wouldn't know nothing where to look for me. So I thought I'd better go back with Massa, and talk with Abraham about it. When Massa sent for me this time, Abraham said, 'Now, Pinda, don't you lose this chance to take your freedom.' He dug up some money he had buried in the sand, and brought it to me. 'See how much money I've earned,' said he, 'beside paying Massa ten dollars a month! Nine hundred and seventy dollars I've paid to Massa, since he hired me out, six years ago; beside paying for all my victuals and clothes, and doctoring; and for doctoring you too. But I worked hard to have some money of my own, so as to be ready to run 'away when I could get the chance. Now, Pinda, you take it, and keep it hid away from Massa and Missis. And when you get to Boston, go right to the abolitionists and they will tell you what to do. Don't cry, Pinda. If we stayed here we should be parted, perhaps never to see one another again. You know Massa has sold three boys lately; and like as not our turn would come before long. But don't you be uneasy about me. You stay at the North, and I'll come after you.'"

"But Mr. Hogan says his slaves don't want their freedom," said I smiling. "Yes, Missis, I know they all say so; but Massa had two slaves run away from him last year." "Yet he says he is a *very* kind master," continued I, "and that all his neighbors would say so." "Of course they would," rejoined Pinda, "White folks always say that they're all very kind; and sometimes the slaves say so, too; because you see, Missis, they don't dare to speak their feelings." She went on to tell some things which by no means showed Mr. Hogan in the light of a very kind master.

On the evening of that day, Mr. Garrison, Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, and her sister, Mr. Child and myself, and several other abolitionists, assembled at Mr. Loring's. Mr. and Mrs. Hogan came before all the guests had arrived. She was a prim, stiff sort of person, and said but little. He was all suavity; profuse in his compliments to the abolitionists, promising to carry back a report of their high intelligence, but continually assuring them that the slaves did not want their freedom, and would not take it if it were offered. It seemed as if some mischievous spirit prompted him to allude to Pinda perpetually. Probably he was chuckling inwardly over the discomfiture of the abolitionists on board the Eli Whitney, as he repeated "There's my wife's dressing-maid, Pinda, we couldn't *whip* her away from us, if we tried, could we, my dear?" "No, indeed," replied Mrs. Hogan. I cast a furtive glance at Mrs. Chapman, who closed her delicate lips very firmly, lest a smile should show itself. "I admire the zeal and perseverence of the abolitionists," said Mr. Hogan, bowing graciously to the company, "but I venture to say they will never succeed in making our servants discontented with the condition which a kind Providence has ordained for them. I requested my agent to send on Pinda, well knowing how glad she would be to rejoin us; and a few days ago she arrived. How she found her way to our lodgings I don't know; for it so happened that there was no one at the Depot to meet her; but she is so strongly attached, that she would find her way to us, through any difficulties." The lady who had guided Pinda to No. 5 Court Street, gently pressed her neighbor's foot, and several raised their handkerchiefs to their mouths.

There was such ludicrous unconsciousness of facts on one side, and so much suppressed consciousness on the other, that the intercourse of the evening was unavoidably constrained. Some late comers, who were unaware of the state of things, tried to maintain an argument with the slaveholder; but the conversation lagged for want of the usual lively support; and all felt relieved when Mr. and Mrs. Hogan pleaded the necessity of leaving early to prepare for a journey to New Hampshire in the morning. The parting salutations were polite on both sides; but such a laugh as burst forth when they were out of the house is seldom brought out at the comic theatre. We needed only, as a closing scene of the drama, to have overheard the remarks of the master and mistress when they reached home and discovered the absence of their attached slave, whom they couldn't have *whipped* away if they had tried.

I afterward learned that my hasty declaration, "That man's a Jesuit," was more true than I had supposed; for Mr. Hogan had been a Roman Catholic priest. Tempted either by love or money, he had married a Southern lady with a plantation and slaves. When he afterward attempted to perform the functions of a priest, at Philadelphia, he was mobbed by the Irish, and was stripped of his sacerdotal garments. It was not the fact of buying and selling men, women, and children, that, in their estimation, rendered him unfit to serve at the altar; it was the desecration of being married. When his Southern wife died, he married a lady in New Hampshire.

Pinda hired a room in Belknap street and earned a comfortable living by washing and ironing. Mr. Hogan did not relinquish hopes of coaxing her back. She kept carefully out of his way, but he requested Mrs. Chapman to inform her that he was very sorry to leave her among strangers, and wanted her to go back with him, that he might take good care of her. Pinda's reply was, "Why didn't he take care of me, when he had me?" Then he sent an earnest request that she would come to see them before they returned to the South. "Tell him I've seen as much of him as I want to see of him," was the curt reply.

During subsequent visits to the North, he sometimes sent threatening messages, which frightened the poor woman; for like most of the colored people she felt very uncertain about the protection of the laws. But on such occasions she took counsel with her friends the abolitionists, who soon quieted her fears. She often said a crust of bread with freedom would be sweeter than all the dainties of the world in slavery, if she could only have Abraham with her. But as month after month passed on without her hearing from him, she became nervous and anxious. She was afraid his master might have sold him, or that he might be dead. She caused a letter to be written to him; but she knew slaves had but a very small chance to receive letters. At last, when a year and seven months had elapsed, he made his appearance in Boston, and Pinda was so overjoyed to see him that she fainted away. The poor fellow had surmounted great difficulties in the pursuit of freedom, but having traveled North without his master's consent, Massachusetts, though calling herself a free State, had no power to protect him. So he was obliged to hide himself, while they arranged plans for going to Canada. Meanwhile, in token of gratitude, he presented to the Anti-Slavery Society one of his Mexican dollars, still blackened by long burial in the sands of Savannah.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, August 10th, 1868.

I TOLD you, I think, of a brief speech of non-committal generalities made by Charles Francis Adams, on his return from the duties of minister to England, in reply to the compliments of some eminent respectabilities of Boston. The Republicans of Quincy, Mr. Adams's residence, being naturally desirous to know whether he was disposed to help, or (like his son) to hinder them in the coming Presidential election, invited him to make a public address on political matters. His reply, couched in terms which strikingly resemble the phraseology of the defunct Bell-Everett party, declares his intention of sitting on the fence for the present, hoping to enjoy "a season of entire rest" until election-time, when he proposes to vote for one or the other of the candidates. Meantime, he remains, very truly, the friend and servant of the gentlemen who have sent him this invitation. He will have rested sufficiently, no doubt, by the time the election is over, and will then be willing to oblige the party in power by accepting office.

Several of our fashionable churches are closed for a month or six weeks of the hot weather, and the remainder are thinly attended, many of the pew-owners being absent with their families at sundry mineral springs, beaches and mountains. But as "the poor," though always present in the city, are no more made welcome in the said pews now while they are unoccupied than at any other time, special efforts were thought to be needed, and have been made, to accommodate this class with opportunities of attendance on preaching and worship. The "Suffolk Union for Christian Work" an unsectarian association, which proposes to teach morals and religion without the inculcation of a creed, and which does not require a particular set of theological opinions as the indispensable qualification of its laborers, but chooses, without regard to sect, preachers who show the desire and the capacity to be useful—have for some time held Sunday afternoon meetings in Faneuil Hall, to which everybody is invited. A few weeks ago Dr. Manning, of the orthodox Old South church, was the preacher. Yesterday, a very large audience assembled to hear Rev. Robert Collyer of Chicago.

On the other side, the "Young Men's Christian Association"—who, through the fortunate defeat of the rebellion, have been enabled *silently* to drop their alliance with slavery, and who now take the liberty of talking as if they had never supported it—have spread a tent on the Common in which they hold a service in the latter part of Sunday afternoon. This is of course well attended, and probably would be even if they did not send out tract distributors, with special invitations, and attract an audience from the throng of promenaders by preliminary singing. There are plenty of people in this country who think, as the Englishman did, that that only is good preaching which "drives a man into the corner of his pew, and makes him think the devil is after him." The denominations that call themselves "liberal" are indeed increasing in numbers, a natural result of there increase in activity; but the old Puritan faith, whose propagandists have never ceased to be active, increases yet faster, and will still find plenty of hearers in places where they do not have to pay too much for it.

It seems that our Public Library, brief as its existence has been, has not escaped the evil tendencies that prosperity brings in its train; it shows already a weakness for red tape, and a leaning towards conservatism. One of our newspapers has taken its present management severely to task, objecting first to the proposed withholding of books from the public for a whole month, while the annual examination of those books is proceeding, and next to the new rule which was adopted last year, requiring the certificate of two householders, or at least two persons, as vouchers for the applicant, before he or she can take books from this Public Library. The reason for this new requisition was that under the old method a proportion of the books were lost. The newspaper critic replies, and *well replies*, that this reason is not sufficient. If there be abuses or depredations, double your guard against the offender, but do not place an additional obstruction in the way of all users of the benefit in question. There are occasional thefts from the Public Garden, and from the Post-Office; but nobody proposes, on this account, to require two vouchers for every person who wishes to use the Public Garden and the Post-Office. The many are not made to suffer for the faults of the few, in these cases; why should they be in the other. But, in the case of the Library, not only is a limitation imposed upon it unknown to the original plan, and inconsistent with it; the public welfare suffers by a diminished use of the library. The poor and ignorant, the new comers to the city, the various people who doubt whether they are at liberty to name other persons as their vouchers, are the very people who need the library, and whom we wish to attract to the use of it. It is the common people, the great mass of the people, for whom the books were collected and the building raised. The great use of the institution is to stand, central, conspicuous, and easily accessible, where empty people of both sexes, young and old, are considering how they shall spend their leisure time. Every one that is attracted to read instead of drinking, gambling or idly lounging, is so much clear gain to the city and the State; and as to the preservation of the books, every device that ingenuity and patience can supply should be tried before putting an obstructive discouragement in the way of the first use of them by a new candidate.

I believe I mentioned, in a former letter, the success of Mr. Sam. A. Way in building his stable close to the single door of entrance to the Swedenborgian church in Bowdoin street, notwithstanding the natural objection and vehement opposition of the worshippers there. Mr. Way is not only a man of wealth and enterprise, but he has a keen sense of humor, with no particular scruples of delicacy to modify its action; so he has given his stable a free-stone front, handsomer than the church-door adjoining, and has built a bow-window in the second story, where he can sit on Sundays to see (and be seen by) the people going into the church. How many men are there, think you, who would prefer *such* a method of keeping themselves before the public, rather than to remain out of sight and out of mind?

NORTH.

INSANE PRISONS.

Mr. James T. Fields observes what he deems a mistaken statement touching Mr. Longfellow in the *Independent*, and hastens to claim the right to correct it, or protest against it, in the same columns. Commendable friendship in him! Excellent freedom of discussion in that journal!

Meanwhile Mr. Fields publishes the *Atlantic Monthly*, which allows no such freedom: "No criticism allowed on articles appearing in those pages." But, as Dr. Ray, of Insane Prison reputation, was nettled at an exposure of those houses in the May number of the Atlantic, and could not, or could not be allowed to, criticise; he was permitted fifteen pages, in the August number, wherein to scold. Keep cool, Doctor; the English race, here and now, will never tolerate the methods of the Inquisition. We have settled it, after centuries of struggle, that a *criminal* shall not be deprived of his liberty for more than a few hours, without meeting Judge, Grand Jury, and *petit* jury in open court. Is there any good reason why an *innocent* person should be treated worse than this, merely because somebody suspects him or her of being crazy? Fancy a *criminal* treated as the lady mentioned in the following extract from the *Philadelphia Morning Post*:

THE INSANE ASYLUMS AGAIN.

"There has recently occurred another instance of the insecurity of personal liberty, where it is to the interest of a relation to deprive one of it. On the 4th of this month a Col. Merrit, of Hudson City, N. J., was married to a Mrs. Morton, widow. They lived together until the 9th of July, when E. L. Price, a brother of the bride, went to Rahway (her residence), and sent word to her that he wished to see her. She came, leaving her husband up stairs. She was then forced into a carriage and taken to the Bergen County poorhouse, where she was kept until the 17th inst. What authority those in charge of this poorhouse could have for confining a lady for eight days, does not appear; but as her brother was a lawyer of influence and a member of the last Legislature, it is probable that he was allowed to have his own way in the matter. Men of influence often find such things made easy for them. The lady was then taken to Hackensack and examined by a commission appointed by the chancellor. Without friends, or any one to appear for her to contradict the statements as to her insanity, she was adjudged a lunatic, and the next day was taken to Trenton by her brother and confined in the insane asylum there. All this time her husband had no idea of her whereabouts, and it was only a few days ago that he learned her fate from a gentleman in Jersey City. He immediately applied for a writ of *habeas corpus*, which, being granted by Judge Beale at Hudson City, was answered by the appearance, not of the lady, but of Dr. Buttolph, superintendent of the asylum, who seemed to consider it sufficient that Mrs. Merrit was placed with him by her brother, the man of influence. This individual (Mr. Price) then asked for an adjournment for *four weeks*, asserting that it would cause no inconvenience, doubtless considering that the confinement in an insane asylum was so pleasant that no one would object to merely remaining there four weeks. He also stated that the members of her own family considered his sister insane, she was so found by a jury, and her husband would have been notified of it if it had been known where he was! The case was then adjourned. Now whether or not this lady is insane, and deserved to be taken from her husband by her solicitous family, it is certain that *any* lady might be taken from *any* husband, under the same circumstances, by a member of her family who should possess a considerable amount of influence. It is impossible for victims of oppression of this kind to say anything for themselves. The more angry and insulted they feel at being smuggled away from their own doors, the more crazy they appear to their examiners; and were they, by any possibility, to remain calm and collected, such an unusual and unnatural demeanor, under the circumstances, could be regarded as nothing else but insane cunning. There are no parties whose testimony should be so little relied upon in such cases as the members of the family of the alleged lunatic. They have generally a stake in the matter, and it is almost always to their own interest, *and no one else's*, that the person should be confined. Mrs. Merrit lived with her husband. She did not disturb her family. If Col. Merrit was satisfied, who was there who should complain? But it appears, from the papers, that the lady owned property.

"This *may* be a case where confinement is necessary, but it does not look like it; and if it is such, the means of carrying out the end desired by Mr. Price were certainly such as should be condemned by the public and put down by the laws; and if such laws do not exist they should be made."

The insanest men, on the question of personal liberty, that we have ever met were Superintendents of Insane Prisons, Public and Private. Once the fact came out, before a Legislative Committee, that a wife imprisoned in one of these dens by an infamous husband, for ten or twelve months and her relatives denied access to her—that she finally got relief by writing letters to a lawyer on the fly-leaves of books and dropping them into the highway as she was carried to ride. One of the distinguished heads of these jails sitting by—a gentleman referred to by Dr. Ray with special honor—cried out, *"Ah! the way to prevent that is never to allow them books!"* We presume this worthy Inquisitor has a chief hand in framing the "Code" so proudly paraded by Dr. Ray. We shall yet have a crusade that will spew these Spanish jailors and sham philosophers out of our mouths. A man suspected of insanity shall yet have as full protection as one suspected of murder, spite of all the charlatanry which here disgraces the European science and method on this subject.

THE NEW JERSEY INSANE ASYLUM CASE.

A remarkable ending of the Trenton Insane Asylum case is reported in the morning papers. The *Times* says: "Dr. Buttolph, the keeper of the Trenton Lunatic Asylum, made affidavit that he had under his charge a Mrs. Frances J. Merrit, whom he believes not insane, but had kept her there because the usual formalities of law for her admission had been gone through."

The lady was discharged yesterday, by order of the court before which the case was heard; but an interesting point was to be explained. Dr. Buttolph swears that Mrs. Merrit was *not* insane, but that he kept her in the asylum because legal formalities were requisite to effect her release.

What, then, is the object of a lunatic asylum? Is it a private and secret prison? A place in which persons abducted under cover of a physician's certificate may be concealed, no matter even if the physician in charge knows these victims to be sane? The *Atlantic Monthly* recently contained a severe exposure of the evils to which lunatic asylums might be, and as the writer asserted had been, perverted, but the article mentioned no case so bad as this, where a young lady, lately married, is carried away from her home and her husband at night, put into a lunatic asylum, and kept there by the physician in charge, who yet coolly comes into court and swears that he knew all the time she was sane!

Are men and women kept in insane asylums, after the physicians in charge know they are sane? Are men and women received in insane asylums when the physicians know they are sane? If so, such asylums as that which received and retained Mrs. Merrit are very convenient prisons, but to call them asylums is altogether wrong.

We hope the proper authorities in New Jersey will look into this matter, and if legislation is required to secure the safety of sane persons against such outrageous seizure and detention, the next legislature should have its attention called to the matter by the Governor. If it is not the duty of the superintendents of our insane asylums to give prompt and public notice, not merely to the friends of a patient, but also and distinctly to the nearest magistrate or court, that the patient is no longer insane, then a law enforcing this obligation ought to be passed. No more horrible fate can be imagined than the confinement of a sane man or woman among a company of lunatics; and the superintendent of an asylum who is so reckless as to suffer such a thing, ought to be punished for his inhumanity.—*New York Evening Post.*

THE UNITED STATES INDIAN COMMISSION.

UNDER the above name an association has recently been formed in the City of New York consisting of a number of leading men of whom the name of Peter Cooper stands at the head. Its object is thus expressed in a printed circular: "To inform and to arouse public sentiment, to bring to light the secret crimes of unprincipled contractors and speculators, and in every way, through the people and through the government, to act as counsel for the Indians, and to make their feeble voice heard, and to defend them from cruelty and fraud, and equally to defend our country from a policy and practice toward the red men that must bring a fearful retribution upon us."

Surely an object so noble, and so necessary should enlist the co-operation of every pulpit and press, and of all good citizens throughout the entire country, and inasmuch as there are thousands of Indians both on and off of their Reserves, who are held and treated as slaves, the Anti-Slavery Society should hold a special National Convention as early as practicable to adopt such measures as will induce the next session of Congress to make it a veritable truth that "Slavery is dead. The necessity for this exists in the fact that wrong to the Indian is a chronic evil which like other habits that are practiced by successive generations has become an inherited characteristic of our National life, the enormity of which we do not realize until by its reaction in the frauds and violence which are becoming so prevalent among ourselves we are made to see that the same measure which we mete to others is measured unto us again, and that there is no possibility of being saved only by becoming saviours. In illustration of these statements the Executive Committee of the "Indian Commission" in a memorial to Congress, affirm that "It is only *recently* that the particular nature, the atrocious character, and the frightful results of these crimes have been brought distinctly before us. The report of the joint committee of the two houses of the late Congress exhibits the humiliating fact that we stand charged before the civilized world by the testimony of our own witnesses with having been uniformly unjust to the Indians" and it is stated by Gen. Sherman and his associate commissioners "that this injustice is the cause of all the wars which they waged against us." And this is not for the want of good laws or of ample appropriation, but for the want of a correct public sentiment to sustain honest men in the righteous administration of public justice.

The plain inference comes to us with a conviction which no additional logic can make stronger, that if Government and some of our most enlightened citizens, and prominent ministers of the gospel have only just now discovered the cause (which has been notoriously operative for hundreds of years) of Indian wars, it is not to be expected that the masses of our people who do not read Congressional Committee reports should know more of the subject than the clergymen, hence the necessity of Conventions, and Mass meetings and Lectures and of every means that will arouse the popular sentiment to a higher and nobler action.

Respectfully, JOHN BEESON.

NEW YORK, July 27, 1868.

OBITUARY.

HON. THADDEUS STEVENS.

HON. THADDEUS STEVENS died at precisely 12 o'clock last night at his residence in Washington, on Capitol Hill., Simon Stevens, Thaddeus Stevens, Jr., a nephew, and his housekeeper, Mrs. Smith, were at his bedside; also Sister Loretta and Sister Genevieve, of the Providence Hospital, and J. Scott Patterson, of the Interior Department, and the servants of his household. Breathing his last, he passed away quietly and calmly, without a struggle, as though falling asleep.

Mr. Stevens was born in Caledonia County, Vermont, on the 4th of April, 1792. He graduated at Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, in 1814, and removed to Pennsylvania, where he engaged in teaching an academy, at the same time prosecuted the study of law, continuing it for two years, when he was admitted to the bar of that State. In 1833 he was elected to the State Legislature, to which body he was returned as a member the two following years, and again in 1837 and 1841. He was also a member of the State Constitutional Convention in 1838, and was appointed Canal Commissioner in 1842.

He became a citizen of Lancaster in 1842, and since that time has made that city his residence. He was first elected to Congress in 1848. He was re-elected to the Thirty-second, Thirty-sixth, Thirty-seventh, Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth and the Fortieth Congress, in the last election receiving a majority of 5,623 votes over his Democratic competitor. During his long and eventful career in Congress he has occupied a prominent and influential position, and of late years he has been universally acknowledged as an able and intrepid leader of the most Radical wing of the Republican Party. He has ever been noted for his indomitable will and wonderful energy, by means of which he has been able to carry through to a successful issue many a project which at first seemed impossible of achievement, and which not seldom many of those who acted with him hesitated fully to endorse. This inflexibility of purpose was, however, manifested only in the right, as he conceived the right, and even those who in the past have been swift to condemn the measures he has advocated, will not hesitate to admit that the objects he aimed at were such as he conceived would redound to the advancement of the Nation, and the lasting good of all its people.—*New York Times.*

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7 4t WILLIAM J. POTTER, Secretary.

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THE ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE on Fifth street is closed. Persons who have business with the State Society, who wish to pay their subscription for THE STANDARD, or who wish to subscribe for the paper, will please call on the undersigned, who has consented to act as General Agent for a time.

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Miscellaneous Department.

THE LADY'S DREAM.

THE lady lay in her bed,
  Her couch so warm and soft,
But her sleep was restless and broken still;
  For turning often and oft
From side to side, she mutter'd and moan'd,
  And toss'd her arms aloft.

At last she startled up,
  And gazed on the vacant air,
With a look of awe, as if she saw
  Some dreadful phantom there—
And then in the pillow she buried her face
  From visions ill to bear.

The very curtain shook,
  Her terror was so extreme;
And the light that fell on the broider'd quilt
  Kept a tremulous gleam;
And her voice was hollow, and shook as she cried—
  "Oh me! that awful dream!

"That weary, weary walk,
  In the churchyard's dismal ground!
And those horrible things, with shady wings,
  That came and flitted round;
Death, death, and nothing but death,
  In every sight and sound!

"And oh! those maidens young,
  Who wrought in that dreary room,
With figures drooping and spectres thin,
  And cheeks without a bloom;
And the Voice that cried, 'For the pomp of pride,
  We haste to an early tomb?

"'For the pomp and pleasure of Pride,
  We toil like Afric slaves,
And only to earn a home at last,
  Where yonder cypress waves'—
And then they pointed—I never saw
  A ground so full of graves!

"And still the coffins came,
  With their sorrowful trains and slow
Coffin after coffin still,
  A sad and sickening show—
From grief exempt, I never had dreamt
  Of such a world of woe!

"Of the hearts that daily break,
  Of the tears that hourly fall,
Of the many, many troubles of life,
  That grieve this earthly ball—
Disease and Hunger, and Pain and Want,
  But now I dreamt of them all!

"For the blind and the cripple were there,
  And the babe that pined for bread,
And the houseless man, and the widow poor
  Who begged—to bury the dead;
The naked, alas! that I might have clad,
  The famished I might have fed!

"The sorrow I might have soothed,
  And the unregarded tears;
For many a thronging shape was there,
  From long forgotten years,
Aye, even the poor rejected Moor,
  Who rais'd my childish fears!

"Each pleading look, that long ago
  I scann'd with a heedless eye,
Each face was gazing as plainly there,
  As when I pass'd it by;
Woe, woe for me if the past should be
  Thus present when I die!

"No need of sulphurous lake,
  No need of fiery coal,
But only that crowd of human kind
  Who wanted pity and dole—
In everlasting retrospect—
  Will wring my sinful soul!

"Alas! I have walk'd through life
  Too heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow-worm,
  And fill the burial sod—
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
  Not unmark'd of God!

"I drank the richest draughts,
  And ate whatever is good—
Fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit,
  Supplied my hungry mood;
But I never remember'd the wretched ones
  That starve for want of food!

"I dress'd as the noble dress,
  In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk, and satin, and costly furs,
  In many an ample fold,
But I never remember'd the naked limbs
  That froze with winter's cold.

"The wounds I might have heal'd!
  The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it never was in my soul
  To play so ill a part;
But evil is wrought by want of thought,
  As well as want of heart!"

She clasp'd her fervent hands,
  And the tears began to stream;
Large, and bitter, and fast they fell,
  Remorse was so extreme;
And yet, oh! yet, that many a dame
  Would dream the Lady's Dream!

Thomas Hood.

AMERICAN ICE IN INDIA.

"CARLETON" writes to the Boston *Journal* from Allahabad, India:

"The dark-colored Hindoo in a white gown, with a white turban, in shape like a soup plate, on his head, who stands behind my chair at the table, says, 'American ice, sir?' as he drops a lump into my tumbler. Looking out from the verandah to the next house I see a sign just put up—'American ice.' Stepping over I find the agent of the Tudor Ice Company, who has been fifteen years in India. The company have begun to extend their operations to the interior. Heretofore the cities up country have been supplied by machine ice, which has been used by the Europeans, but which the natives will not purchase. They are afraid that it contains something which will make them unclean, but the American ice is pure and they have no scruples about using it. Mr. Brown has orders from Jubbelpore, Agra, Lucknow, Delhi and other cities along the lines of railway. Travelers send letters, requesting him to have a supply at the station on the arrival of the trains. They look upon it not as a luxury, but as an article that cannot be dispensed with. In this climate it is a tonic. Men do not exert themselves and get overheated here as in the United States, and then cool off by drinking ice water, which under such circumstances brings on cholera morbus, but they keep off cholera by reducing the system to a lower temperature.

"It is romantic to quench your thirst and cool yourself off in the heat of India with cold imprisoned three years ago—with the frozen water of Wenham Lake and Fresh Pond, over which the boys and girls of Hamilton, of West Cambridge, Belmont and other towns, skated in the clear, cold days of that winter season. What pleasing sights the 'eyes' in this ice have seen—great hornpouts below, the little pouts of maidens above when things have gone amiss—the cherry cheeks, the 'eyes which looked love to eyes'—the joining of hands, the linking together of hearts perhaps—the wide sweep over the lake—the beginning of a wider one over the stream of life—that picture of New England happiness felicity and joy which has no counterpart in the world."

CALEB CUSHING ON CHINESE CIVILIZATION AND THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

CALEB CUSHING, alludes as follows to "the philosophic and lettered Chinese," in an address recently delivered by him at the annual commencement of the Columbian Law College:

"Even the imperial nation of the farthest East, with her hundreds of millions of educated inhabitants—with that sublime democracy, not of votes, but of wisdom, learning and virtue, as her political system—with the books of the ancient sages as her daily mental food—with her high civilization yet living on through long centuries upon centuries of ages—awakes now to the perception of the superior advancement of the West, and sends her ambassadors hither, with a countryman of our own at their head, in order to reanimate her knowledge by contact with the fresher fires of the minds of Europe."

As Mr. Cushing was once Minister to China and has no ends to serve with the people of that empire, we must accord the highest respect to this unbiased and deliberate opinion.

Further on in Mr. Cushing's address, we find the following exposure of a thoroughly English historical perversion in regard to the conquest of England by the French in A. D. 1060:

"Let us deliver ourselves from the dominion of another prevalent error, the supposed *Norman* conquest and *Norman* legislation of England. William the Conqueror was Duke of Normandy, and he descended from the Northman Rollo. But, in the time of William, there was but little of Northman blood remaining in Normany, and nothing of Northman ideas, speech, religion or law. The 'Roman de Rou' is the special historical poem of Normandy; and its language is the French of France, with not a trace of Northman in word or phrase. The conquerors of England were French adventurers from all parts of France; their speech was French: their laws were French: the so-called Norman sovereigns were French, as well those of the immediate family of the Conqueror as the succeeding Plantagenets. The modern custom in England of talking of the Norman conquest, Norman language, Norman laws, *is mere affectation—to avoid the imaginary shame of admitting that England had once been conquered and ruled by Frenchmen.* No such false imagination was entertained at the outset. In many a public proclamation or other document of the Bastard's dynasty, we have the customary formal address, 'Anglis et Francis,' not 'Anglis et *Normannis*.' Thus, in Anderson's Diplomata we read: *Omnibus ad quos præsentes literæ perrenerint, tam Francis et Anglis quam Scotis salutem.* The people of England were then composed of English and French, not English and Norman. In fact, the Germanic element in Great Britain has been greatly exaggerated at the expense of the Celtic and Roman British. The blood of William the Conqueror and that of Stephen of Blois had in it much more of French Bretagne than of Norway; the Tudors were Welsh; the Stuarts were French and Celtic; and the first German dynasty, that of the Georges, is inferior in quality to the Stuarts, the Tudors, and the Plantagenets."

Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.

DISCOVERY OF GLASS.

PLINY, who wrote in the latter part of the first Christian era, in his Natural History, relates the circumstance to which he ascribes the discovery of glass, which subsequently led to its manufacture for the many varied uses in which it is now employed. According to his account of the matter, a small merchant-ship, such as was peculiar to the state of navigation in that age, was driven upon the shore of the bay of Acre, and into the mouth of the river Belus. The ship was dragged to the shore, and the crew disembarked for refreshments. A kettle was brought forth from their ship in which to prepare their food, and a fire was built. Stones were sought on which to support the kettle over the fire, but no stones could be found. The coast was a mass of pulverized silicious rock, of pure sand. The ship, however, was laden with fossil alkali, or shells from the sea, and some of these were employed for the want of stones, and placed underneath the kettle and contiguous to the fire. The result was the vitrification of the alkali and silex, so as to produce pure transparent glass. The discovery, of course, greatly interested the sailors, for the production was beautiful, and, others repeated the experiment with the same result. Soon after this, all the qualities of this substance, while in an incandescent state, were discovered, and the manufacture of glass into vessels of different forms, and into ornaments, was established in the city of Sidon, on the Mediterranean, whence it was made known to the whole civilized world.

GRIEF and joy, hope and fear, tears and smiles, pain and pleasure, are all twins—children of the same mother—linked together throughout the whole of humanity. No lot, no country, no climate, no scene, no condition in life may claim the enjoyment of one without the rebuking companionship of the other. No cloud, however, is without its inner light. The blue sky still harbors behind the canopy ready, with its sunshine, and keeping the sad soul from being entirely delivered to despair. No condition is so lowly as to be without hope; no sorrow so poignant and oppressive as not to permit the consolidation of some sweet ministers, interposing at the right moment with compensation and perhaps delight. There is no such thing as unmitigated evil; there is no such thing as pleasure and joy without cloud or qualification. We have only to open our hearts to smile and sunshine; not turn our backs, or shut our eyes to the angelic visitor, who is always sure to stand upon the threshold whenever we deserve, most need and are willing to give him a welcome.—EMERSON.

DUTCH PROVERBS.

[Culled for Zion's Herald.]

When the stomach is full, the heart is glad.
When the shepherd strays, the sheep stray.
Were every one to sweep before his own house, every street would be clean.
Poor folks' wisdom goes for little.
When two quarrel, both are in the wrong.
Nobility of soul is more honorable than nobility of birth.
Patience surpasses learning.
The richest man, whatever his lot, is he who is content with what he has.
Money is power; money rules the world.
God pays at the end.
God gives birds their food, but they must fly for it.
Great talkers are little doers.
The best goods are the cheapest.
Better beg than steal.
It is easy to be liberal out of another man's purse.
In prosperity, caution; in adversity, patience.
There's no making a silk purse of a sow's ear.
Proverbs are the daughters of daily experience.
What costs nothing is worth nothing.
If fools ate no bread, corn would be cheap.
Heavy purses and light hearts can sustain much.
Economy is a great revenue.
Silence answers much.

THE LARGEST ROOF IN THE WORLD—We clip from the *Mechanics' Magazine* the following brief description of the colossal roof of the works on the Midland Extension Railway at St. Pancras, England, which may be justly characterized as a triumph of engineering skill: "The roof is 689 feet 4 inches long, 240 feet wide (being 5 feet wider than the timber roof of the Imperial riding house at Moscow), and 100 feet high at centre, from the top side of the girders carrying the platform to the under side of the arched ribs. The total quantity of wrought and cast-iron required for this structure is about 6,000 tons. The contract price for the roof proper, including iron, slate, glass and wood, is £120,000, which will, no doubt, be somewhat exceeded before the contract is completed. With regard to the progress of the work, it may be observed that fourteen of the main ribs are in place, and a portion of the roof is covered in with slate and glass. The flooring, which is laid with wrought-iron buckled plates, is nearly completed."

THE FOOTPATH.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

It mounts athwart the windy hill,
  Through sallow slopes of upland bare,
And Fancy climbs with footfall still
  Its narrowing curves that end in air.

By day, a warmer-hearted blue
  Stoops softly to that topmost swell
Whence the mind drinks imagined view
  Of gracious climes where all is well.

By night, far yonder, I surmise
  An ampler world than clips my ken,
Where the great stars of happier skies
  Commingle nobler fates of men.

I look and long, then haste me home,
  Still master of my secret rare;
Once tried, the path would end in Rome,
  But now it leads me everywhere.

Forever to the new it guides,
  From former good, old overmuch;
What Nature for her poets hides,
  'Tis wiser to divine than clutch.

The bird I list hath never come
  Within the scope of mortal ear;
My prying step would make him dumb,
  And the fair tree, his shelter, sere.

Behind the hill, behind the sky,
  Behind my inmost thought, he sings;
No feet avail: to hear it nigh
  The song itself must lend the wings.

Sing on, sweet bird, close-hid, and raise
  Those angel-stairways in my brain,
That climb from our diminished days,
  To spacious sunshines far from pain.

Sing when thou wilt, enchantment fleet,
  I leave thy covert haunt untrod,
And envy Science not her feat
  To make a twice-told tale of God.

They said the fairies tript no more,
  And long ago that Pan was dead;
'Twas but that fools preferred to bore
  Earth's rind inch-deep for truth instead.

Pan leaps and pipes all summer long,
  The fairies dance each full-mooned night,
Would we but doff our lenses strong,
  And trust our wiser eyes' delight.

City of Elf-land, just without
  Our seeing, marvel ever new,
Glimpsed in fair weather, a sweet doubt,
  Sketched in, mirage-like, on the blue.

I build thee in yon sunset cloud,
  Whose edge allures to climb the height;
I hear thy drowned bells, inly-loud,
  From still pools dusk with dreams of night.

Thy gates are shut to hardest will,
  Thy countersign of long-lost speech—
Those fountained courts, those chambers still
  Fronting Time's far East, who shall reach?

I know not and will never pry,
  But trust our human heart for all;
Wonders that from the seeker fly,
  Into an open sense may fall.

Hide in thine own soul, and surprise
  The password of the unwary elves;
Seek it, thou canst not bribe their spies
  Unsought, they whisper it themselves.

Atlantic Monthly for August.

ON MOURNING COSTUME.

IT is a matter of education. In so far as high colors have come to signify gayety and pleasure, there may be a good reason for dismissing them: If one would mark one's grief why not by the color chosen by the Bible to express spiritual things? White signifies purity, triumph, spiritual gladness, and this ought not to be uncongenial to the moods of Christian grief.

It is not the custom of our people to symbolize their feelings by a change of dress, with this solitary exception. If a man becomes bankrupt, or has his house burned down, or loses heavily in commercial operations, or has a son in disgrace, or a child misled by evil company, or any other experience of grief, he does not change his garb. The one solitary and exceptional case is bereavement! But there is in domestic sorrow a delicacy, or ought to be, which should shrink from an ostentatiousness such as mourning apparel cannot fail to have. No one has a right so to express his sorrows as to intrude them upon every eye wherever he goes. Custom has long justified it, otherwise it would be esteemed an indelicacy for one to be a walking advertisement of one's own private griefs. But, even if one were permitted to announce this one side of domestic experience by change of garb, the question still remains, whether expression should be given to the weakness of natural feeling, or the triumph of Christian faith? Whether we should symbolize the darkness of the grave as unenlightened nature shows it, or the grave made luminous by the triumph of our Saviour and the glories of immortality beyond it? We may be sure there is something wrong in a Christian community where death is surrounded with associations of terror, where the young are reared to a horror of the sephulchre, where present grief rises up like a dark cloud and shuts out the heaven, where—in sermon service, conversation and dress—everything conspires to shroud death and the grave with darkness. Has sorrow a right to be selfish? May it bear false witness against immortality? Has a Christian under bereavement a right to declare by his conduct: "There is no light in the grave, none beyond it, and no comfort for the bereaved but only black, black sorrow!" I never met one muffled in black from head to foot without a certain horror. The smell of crape is to me like the smell of a charnel-house. Did it ever occur to mourners to ask, what, if those for whom I grieve were to speak to me out of their blissful abode in heaven, would it be their choice that I should be shrouded like one in despair, or robed as one who mourns, but with Christian hope?

Henry Ward Beecher.

A VERY RARE DISEASE—There exists on record in medicine up to the present day only one case of enormous overgrowth of all the bones of the body with wasting of the muscles. It was observed by Saucerotte. The second has been recently observed by Prof. Friedreich, and is now described at length in Virchow's *Archiv*, bd., 1868. Saucerotte's case was that of a man aged 39, the weight of whose body rose, in the space of four years, from 119 to 178 lbs., by the increase of his bones, the muscles all the while wasting. The head of this man was monstrous, the eyes being pushed forwards to the level of the forehead, and the lower jaw having attained an enormous thickness. Attacks of insensibility and difficulty of breathing characterized his complaint. M. Friedreich's patient, aged 26, is one of six children, of whom all are healthy except the youngest, who has a minor form of the same affection. At 18 he began to find his feet and ankles growing large and heavy: then the hands and fingers. The lower and upper limbs are of enormous size (the measurements are given), due entirely to the growth of the bones, the muscles being wasted. Standing, walking, and lying are all difficult.—*British Med. Journal.*

EXPERIENCES OF A COLORED PREACHER.

FATHER PARKER AND PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

IN the vicinity of Norfolk, Virginia, there lives a noted old colored preacher known as Father Parker. He was a slave up to "proclamation time," and had for years previously been trying to buy his freedom by instalments of $120 a year, having in this way paid to his master $1300. The colored folks of Norfolk seemed particularly appreciative of the freedom granted to them by the Emancipation Proclamation, and held a day of thanksgiving over it. There was service in a church, and then a procession. Father Parker's account of the affair we quote from the August number of the American Missionary:

"After service we had a procession of colored people through the streets. As many as five-thousand people marched four abreast through the town to the General's headquarters.

"The General appointed me to make a speech to him when the procession got there. So they had me in a nice carriage, with four black horses, in the middle of the procession, with a band of music just before me, and six men each side of the carriage holding a great big Union flag over the carriage and me. As we passed the street corners where the soldiers were standing guard they all presented arms with as much importance as if I had been President of the United States.

"It seemed so grand and so glorious and so much like a dream that as I was riding along there, I had to slap my hands together and say, 'Good Lord, is this *me?*' more than twenty times.

"When we reached the General's, the crowd gathered around, and after my little speech, the General did make just the prettiest talk to the people that I ever heard. It was certain a *peart* speech.

"Then the crowd broke up, and what with bonfires, and guns, and bells, and tin horns, and hurrahs, the city was like Bedlam all night. 'Pears like all the people forgot to go to bed at all."

VISIT TO WASHINGTON.

Of his visit to Washington, Father Parker says: "I always wanted to see Washington ever since I was a boy. I thought it would be so grand to see the Congress of this whole country, the White House, and the President, and ever since this war broke out I wanted to go all the more. But my old master always said, 'No, Dick, you can't go. You'll never live to see Washington;' and he left strict orders at the Baltimore boat, that if old Dick Parker tried to go on board he was at once to be arrested. In those times no colored man was allowed to leave town without a pass, signed by his master and by the Mayor of Norfolk.

"Well, I waited on with great patience all the time, believing the good Lord some day would allow me to go there. I waited and waited, until after the Yankees came, when one day master fell sick and very suddenly died. I went to his funeral; heard them pray over him; saw him all snugly put away; and then, when I turned to come away, says I, 'Well old master, you're there—you're there, now—and I reckon my time has come to go to Washington.' I started that very night; walked aboard the Baltimore boat like a General and nobody asked me for a pass or seemed to notice me.

"When the boat really shoved off and me aboard, I had to slap my hands and shout aloud. I walked the deck all night—couldn't sleep—and when they pointed out to me, as we passed, the mouth of the Potomac—that line which no colored man could pass and return free to Virginia—I could not contain my feelings. 'Ah,' said I, 'this is the air of freedom I've dreamed so much of.'

"When I took the cars at Baltimore for Washington, I just leaned back in the seat and enjoyed it. 'Well, well,' said I, 'this is the Lord's doing; I'm sure enough on my way to Washington.'

"First thing on arriving I was shown to the Capitol—a friend escorted me right into the Representatives' Hall; that great marble room, with the wise men all sitting around in council, making laws for the great United States. It was a grand, a splendid sight for my poor eyes, I can tell you. Then we went to the other end of the building—to the Senate—where the old women were—like the old 'school of the prophets.' And I sat right down on one of their seats with them—*me!* I felt as weak as a child; I felt like good Simeon did: 'Now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen.' Then I visited the Treasury, the Patent Office, and the White House.

"I sat down in the Park there, on one of the iron settees, and there I spread out my arms, like a buzzard does his wings, and lay back and enjoyed the scenery so much. 'Ah,' says I, 'this is the air of freedom.' Next we came up with the committee of colored men from different States, who were going to call on the President, Mr. Lincoln."

INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESIDENT.

"They took us into the White House, through all the grand rooms there. I felt like the Queen of Sheba did when she went to see Solomon, the *half* had never been told me.

"When we came into the President's room I thought the President was out, as I didn't see any one there *peart* enough for the Chief-Magistrate. There was, to be sure, a plain, farmer-like looking man, tall and thin, and about as handsome in the face as I am.

"But he got right up as soon as we entered, and when he knew who we were, made us a hearty welcome, and offered us seats. *What* an honor to have our *President* offer *me* a *cheer!* Well, after we had introduced ourselves, Mr. Lincoln gave us his elegant little speech. He did talk well to us. He said: 'Don't be in a hurry friends, you'll get all your rights by-and-by—you'll get them just as soon as you are prepared for them, and know how to use them,' and so on.

"I knew soon as I heard that man speak, and saw his kind face, that he would be a good friend to my people; and I've never had cause to change my mind.

"After seeing President Lincoln, I had no more to see in Washington, and came home contented, with a *full heart.*"—*Boston Transcript.*

AN American lady who visited Rome with a special desire of seeing the illustrious Liszt, and who was gratified by a cordial invitation to call upon him, thus describes his residence and himself:

"The old Convent of Santa Francesca Romana is situated in the immediate vicinity of the Coliseum and other ruins of imposing grandeur; it is a low building, with a small iron door, upon which is the name, 'L'Abbé Liszt,' and ascending one broad flight of stone steps, we came to the door of his apartment. There we met the footman, who showed us through a large ante-chamber, in which stands a grand piano, into the drawing-room. This is vast in size, and very handsomely furnished; in one corner stands an exquisite statuette of St. Elizabeth, and pictures and *objets religieux* adorn the walls.

"After waiting a few moments the Abbe entered, and advancing toward me welcomed me, extending both hands.

"Liszt is of medium height, slender and erect. His face is fresh and unwrinkled; his large gray eyes have a reposeful calmness, except when playing impassioned music; then the whole face changes, the eyes sparkle and flash, the massive steel-gray hair trembles and shakes, and the head is thrown into a pose of striking grandeur—the whole reminding me of the imposing image of an inspired Numidian lion.

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EDITED BY S. H. MORSE & J. B. MARVIN.

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